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AT HOME.

BY C. C.

Of all the blessings that Heaven sends forth,
There's none like the Love at Home,
So hardy of growth, so rich in worth,
So varied and sweet of bloom.
'Tis the one love flower beyond compare,
By every favor kissed,
Thriving alike in the valley's air
And aloft in the mountain's mist.

In its rustling leaves is the sound at times
Of children's voices sweet,
Or of mother's words, or of church-bell chimes,
Or of pattering little feet;
In its fragrance rich is the breath of sighs
And memorial kisses dear,
And the light of its bloom, which never dies,
Is bright as the sunshine clear.

Designs unworthy and hopes untrue
Depart in its smile benign;
'Tis the blessing that lasts a lifetime through
With a tenderness all divine.
Without it, how little were left to cheer
And exait under Heaven's wide dome!
Oh, there's nothing in all the world so dear
As love, sweet love at home!

IN THE SPIRIT.

BY E. C. W.

IT was a very tempting offer. The question was—should I accept it?

Some of my children were recovering from an attack of scarlet fever and needed change of air.

I had a strong objection to their contaminating, and possibly spreading the infection in seaside lodgings; but a house situated in the heart of the country, as was the one offered me, where my family could remain until all risk of infection was past, seemed the very thing, and not to be lightly refused.

I myself also required the quiet and isolation such a habitation would ensure me, while writing the bulk of a book of which I had completed only the opening chapters, and which was timed to appear in the following season.

I therefore felt that I could do no better than close with the offer of a house-agent at Sherriton to let me the aforesaid furnished house for a twelve-month at a ridiculously low rental.

The agent accounted for this latter fact by saying that the rent was not so much an object with the proprietor as the keeping of the house occupied. This was true enough, as I afterwards found, to my great disgust.

I had not, of course, decided to take the house without seeing it; and what I had seen being eminently satisfactory, we migrated to Sherriton, leaving our house at Kensington to be disinfected and otherwise renovated.

The Hermits e, as our new abode was called, was situated in the wildest part of the wilds of Middlesex, well within twenty miles of the Metropolis, and about two from the little town of Sherriton. It was built upon, or near, the supposed site of the hermit's cave, which, from being either filled up with earth or chcked with plant growth, was no longer in evidence, if it ever existed.

Being half Tudor, half Elizabethan in style, the Hermitage was rambling, nooky, and picturesque, with two straggling wings at right angles to the body of the house, the fourth side of the court thus formed being bounded by a low wall, surmounted by tall iron railings and heavy iron gates. The centre of the court was occupied by an immense circular bed of rhododendrons and other ornamental shrubs.

The left wing as you faced the house consisted of a billiard-room below, with three rooms built over. Of these—bedroom, dressing-room and study—my wife and I took possession, their isolation from the rest of the house favoring the prosecution of my work.

The other wing was lower, being composed of stabling, unpierced by windows on the house side and over-grown, as was the whole building, with flowering creepers.

A covered gateway in the centre of these stables led into the stable-yard, and over the roof of this gateway was a small clock-tower with a dial facing each way. I determined to use the clock if not the stables, and made a memorandum to instruct the local clock-maker to regulate it—the hands standing at 12 o'clock, though the actual hour was 5 P. M. Greenwich time.

When I have added that the Hermitage had been used as the dower house of a noble family, and had survived the ruin and final disappearance of the ancestral mansion of which it had been but an appanage, I shall have said all that is necessary in the way of description.

On the night of our arrival we had dined with what comfort we could achieve in the confusion and strangeness of our new surroundings, and I had retired to the study, leaving my wife surrounded by some of the maids, the governess and even my little type-writing secretary, whom she had pressed into the service, all occupied in the bedroom in the wing, in evoking order out of chaos, in unpacking and arranging matters for the night.

With a lofty sense of aloofness from this feminine tempest in a tea-cup, I settled down to my writing, and after an hour or so had thoroughly warmed to my work and had become wholly absorbed in it.

I was approaching the end of a chapter, rapt in the interest of my own creations and totally oblivious of all else, when, quite unaccountably, my mind began to wander—I began actually to lose the thread of my subject; my pen stopped, and my eyes were drawn to my watch lying on the table beside me. The hands pointed to twelve, and simultaneously a clock began striking in the court-yard.

"Dear me," thought I, "the clock must have been repaired this evening," and yet I had noticed just before dark that the hands still pointed to twelve.

I looked towards the open window, for it was a warm evening in April, and noticed with surprise that the white curtains were violently agitated, rather than blown about in an ordinary way by an ordinary breeze—there being neither sound nor sign that the wind had risen.

The sight was so queer, that I sat gazing at the quivering draperies as if fascinated. I was recalled to myself, however, by the hasty opening of doors and the quick pattering of footsteps over the matting in the passage outside. Then my door was thrown open and my wife, deathly pale, followed by her domestic satellites, equally pallid, rushed in crying:

"Oh, my dear Wilfrid, how can you sit calmly listening to those awful cries, and not try to do something to help?"

"But, my dear," I answered, bewildered, "I hear no cries. What can you mean?"

"You have only to listen," she replied, holding up a warning finger and pausing:

There was dead silence—neither sound nor movement, except that of the waving, or rather now feebly wriggling, curtains.

The women all stood transfixed as though frozen with horror.

"They have made an end of her; the poor creature is no doubt dead," at length gasped the governess.

"I wish I knew what you were all driving at," said I in despair. "What poor creature is 'ended and dead'?"

"The poor soul who has been crying out for help in the most agonizing tones," returned my wife. "You must have been asleep, Wilfrid, or you must inevitably heard the cries. But, pray arouse Roberts and send him out with a lantern to reconnoitre."

"All right," said I; "but I will first get the pistols which I left in my portmanteau."

"Wait, however, for Roberts," entreated my wife, following me into the bedroom. "You must not——" but here her words were interrupted, nay almost drowned, in the fearful cries for help borne on a strong current of air from the direction of the stable-yard, and which seemed literally to fill the room. The two dogs we had brought with us dragged frantically at their chains and yelped and whined piteously.

"Oh, mistress, mistress!" came in a girl's voice through the darkness. "Pray help me!"

"What is the matter?" I shouted in desperation from the window. "Who, and where are you?"

"I am here in the stable-yard—I am hurt—I am being strangled," and, with a prolonged shriek, the girl's voice sank in a suffocated gurgle, as though the wretched owner were indeed being asphyxiated.

I could contain myself no longer, but, clearing the stairs almost at a bound, and taking a stout cudgel from the rack in the hall, I, with Roberts, who had procured a lantern, made for the stable-yard.

Everything appeared quiet. The night was still, without a suggestion of wind. The polished foliage of the shrubs glittered in the moonlight, but were not stirred. The gates locked and barred, as Roberts had left them hours before.

We entered the stable-yard and threw the light of our lantern into the lurking shadows. Nothing unusual was to be seen. We searched the premises, but found no trace of intruders; indeed the outer gates leading to a back road were fastened, and the bolts so rusted that they were withdrawn with the greatest difficulty.

While tugging at the bolts, a voice hailed us from outside the gates, enquiring if we wanted assistance.

The voice was the voice of the inevitably-too-late policeman.

"It is a pity you were not here a little sooner," I replied, "when you might possibly have prevented a crime which I believe has just been committed hereabouts, though I can find no trace of the perpetrators."

"I shouldn't have been here now," retorted the constable coolly, "only I heard your stable-clock strike. Then I knew you had come, for that clock don't never strike unless there's somebody living in the house, and then only at twelve at night."

Amazed at the man's coolness, and quite forgetting that I myself had at first been equally oblivious, I demanded:

"And why did you not come to the assistance of the poor creature whose cries, being at no great distance, you must have heard?"

"Nobody don't hear no sounds except the clock striking, but the people in the house," said the man, imperturbably, "and it have had five tenants in three years."

"This is pretty well for a furnished house," I said. "I myself intended to stay only a twelvemonth."

"Ah, but the other tenants only stayed a week each," said the policeman dryly. "And that I fancy, sir, will be about your term. It ain't no use searching, sir, you won't find nothing," and with that the man moved off, as if afraid of being invited to enter the house.

Here was a state of things. We could not possibly return to our house, and suitable lodgings would be still to seek. We must perforce remain at the Hermitage for several days at least.

It might be suggested that by closing up the "haunted" room, we might have occupied the rest of the house in peace, and this is exactly what we did after two nights' experience of this horror. But it was of no avail. Promptly as the stable-clock with a muffled, half-strangulated sound gave out the hour of midnight, every soul in the house—even the children—was aroused and held in strained expectancy until the strange influence, whatever it was, had exhausted itself. I, for my part, was so affected by it that, yielding to the most intense feeling of pity for, and desire to help the poor spirit in torment, I could not resist the impulse to open the room, and going to the window, attempting to communicate with what was, to my consciousness, a real presence.

I was so carried away that, my wife declares, I solemnly pledged myself to do all in my power to bring relief to the sufferer—in orthodox parlance, to lay the ghost.

My first proceeding in the morning was, of course, to send for the house-agent. After some delay, he appeared, driving in his irreproachably neat trap, and was shown in, spruce and smirking, but evidently ill at ease.

"So, sir," said I, "you have thought it worth while to jeopardise your reputation as a house agent, by letting a house which is not habitable."

"Not habitable, my dear sir? Why, what is the matter with the house?"

"Well, for one thing, the rent is too low," I replied with grim jocosity. "You, no doubt, are acquainted with the real reason for this, though you gave me a false one."

"Nay, my dear sir," returned the agent, "I, if I recollect rightly, informed you that the owner was extremely anxious to have her house occupied, and she, therefore, greatly reduced the rental."

"Yes, but, as you doubtless are aware, that was done to give the house a character, which it had certainly lost in consequence of the inability of any tenant to remain in it more than a few days at furthest. I find myself in the same predicament and must demand of you to cancel our agreement and to return the instalment of rent paid in advance."

"Sir," cried the no longer smiling house agent, "I give in. We shall be compelled to cancel, but in the name of common charity I will ask you to give us time to refund the instalment of rent."

"A most extraordinary proposition sir," I returned, "considering you might expect legal action to be taken in this matter."

"You would really have no case, sir. The law does not take recognisance of ghosts. I believe we could compel you to complete your contract, but I am sure Miss Reapham would not wish that. You see, sir, this lady was obliged to leave this house—her own house—under very painful circumstances some time ago."

"And by the same token, so has everyone else who has attempted to occupy the place since," I interrupted, hotly enough. "But what are these 'circumstances' which would justify an appeal to a charity which has certainly not been exercised toward others? In my own case, the results of your deception are likely to be most disastrous to my family, since we are now practically homeless. You may, however, give me the address of this rather unscrupulous landlady."

Which having done, the house-agent bowed himself away with a decidedly crestfallen air.

By the end of a week I had succeeded in establishing my family in a glaringly new, and consequently ghost-proof, villa at Richmond, and then I endeavored to dismiss the vexatious episode of the Hermitage from my mind.

But the end of another week saw me on my way to unearth Miss Reapham. I had been so haunted by the pitiful voice; so penetrated with sympathy and desire to respond to this mere echo; that I felt impelled to go to the root of the matter by applying to Miss Reapham herself for information, irritated against her as I had reason to be.

I found her in a squalid little lodging at Putney, and, looking at the poverty of her surroundings, I felt that there was some excuse for the deception which had been practised upon me.

I was further disarmed as I confronted the small, elderly, flaxen-haired woman of the genus common-place, who, with scared-looking childish blue eyes, tremblingly rose from her seat to receive me.

"I will not apologize for troubling you, Miss Reapham," I began, "as I think you owe it to me to do what you can to throw some light upon this unlucky business of the Hermitage. I suppose you were duped into ignorantly purchasing the house, as I was into hiring it."

"No, sir," she replied, "I had not even that excuse. When I invested the few hundreds left me by my widowed mother in the purchase of the house and opened it as a convalescent home for ladies of position, it was perfectly free from the taint which now renders it valueless. My only excuse is that I hoped to meet with a tenant who would not be sensitive to the disturbing influences which are now the house's great drawback."

"You can, then, actually account for these sounds," I asked eagerly.

"Nay, that would be beyond my power. I can only fix the date of their commencement," faltered Miss Reapham, as though dazed at the bare retrospect.

Recovering herself after a short interval, Miss Reapham proceeded:

"My staff of servants were all strange, with the exception of the parlor-maid, who had lived with me from the time she was twelve years old, when I kept house for my brother, whose second marriage obliged me to set up an establishment of my own.

"I was much attached to this girl, Winnifred, and had taken some pains with her education, in a plain way, of course. But she was not like other girls of her class, having a vexatious habit of reading at all times and seasons of leisure, and of wandering about and exploring every nook of the grounds, with the object, as she said, of discovering the Hermit's Cave, which gave the name to the house. These fads in a parlor-maid would not have been tolerated by a better disciplinarian than myself," said poor Miss Reapham apologetically, with a faint smile, "but the girl had been with me so long that it was natural I should be indulgent.

"Anyhow, she had quite a craze for seeking out this cave, and only the evening before her dreadful end, the poor girl declared that she believed she had come upon it in a nook in the stable-yard, where was a small arched doorway almost hidden by accumulated rubbish and tall rank weeds. Would that I had been firm, and had laid my commands upon Winnifred to refrain from further search, but the girl's hobby seemed harmless enough, and I let her go blindly to her doom.

"One night," continued Miss Reapham, recovering from the agitation this reminiscence caused her, "Winnifred had gone to bed early with one of her bad headaches. All the best rooms in the body of the house being devoted to the use of my paying guests, I occupied the bedroom in the wing which you unfortunately selected, and as I did not choose to be alone in the wing at night, Winnifred slept in the dressing-room beyond.

"Knowing that the girl required thorough rest as a restorative I never disturbed her on these occasions after she had got to sleep. I did not depart from my custom on this night, and the house lapsed into its usual quiet soon after eleven o'clock.

"My window was as usual slightly open at the top, and as I lay wakeful, I was surprised to hear the soft patter of rain upon the glass, as the earlier part of the evening had been brilliantly moonlight.

"Lulled by the gentle swish of the rain and the soughing of the night breeze, I was sinking into slumber, when I distinctly heard my name called in Winnifred's voice. Broad awake in an instant, I lighted my candle, slipped on my dressing-gown and opened the door into my dressing-room.

"To my astonishment the room and the bed were empty, though the latter had evidently been occupied, and then it occurred to me that the call had come from outside the house.

"Utterly bewildered, I returned to my room, drew up the blind and raised the sash. The call was repeated in a voice of pain.

"'Where in the world are you, Winnie,' I shouted, 'and what ails you?'

"'I am in the stable yard,' she answered back. 'I have fallen and sprained my ankle, and the gates are locked.'

"Much flustered and upset, though not seriously alarmed, I went to arouse the servants and sent them to the gardener's cottage, which was situated about two hundred yards from the back gates, to fetch the keys, of which the gardener always took charge. I was met by some of my guests, who, disturbed and alarmed at the unwonted commotion, crowded into my room.

"While I hastily dressed, some of the ladies gathered from Winnifred that, unable to sleep, she had ventured out in the moonlight to her favorite haunt, and had slipped from the mound of rubbish concealing the entrance to the fabled Hermit's Cave, and had hurt her foot so badly that she had fainted.

"On recovering, she found the moon clouded over, rain falling, and that she could not move herself. Quite unable to make herself heard, she had in desperation managed to drag herself to the shelter of the covered gateway, where she was now resting.

"'Courage, my Winnie!' I called out to her, 'There is Laurence at this moment opening the back gates.'

"A few seconds passed, and then a succession of such piercing shrieks rent the air that we all instinctively rushed downstairs and into the courtyard. As we frantically crossed it, the cries died down to a half stifled, gurgling moan:

"'O, Miss Reapham, they are strangling me!'

"Half beside ourselves, we beat upon the locked gates, calling out that help was at hand, and then, to our horror, poor Winnifred's cries ceased altogether and a moment later the girls returned with the key of the covered gates—the gardener would follow.

"We unlocked the gates and crowded into the stable-yard, expecting to find the poor girl's dead body at least. But there was no sign of her, living or dead. Stay—in the shadow of the gateway lay the little red hood Winnie was in the habit of wearing out of doors; but, search as we might, that was all.

"Laurence now appeared by way of the covered gateway, bringing the key of the back gates. It was not needed. We found them open, and fresh wheel-tracks in the narrow lane outside. Had the gardener entered from the back, he must have intercepted the murderers or kidnappers of my poor parlor maid.

"Whichever it was, has since, in spite of every effort of the law, remained a mystery. Every part of the grounds was thoroughly investigated, and sure enough, a cave was discovered to exist in the very spot indicated by poor Winnifred in the stable-yard; and within it was found, not the signs and indications of a holy life, but a complete coiners' plant, which in their hasty flight on being surprised, the wretches who owned it had been compelled to leave behind.

"In prosecuting their nefarious trade after dark, they had doubtless come upon poor Winnifred, and, taking her for a spy, had killed or kidnapped her. However this may be, it is miserably certain that every night at the stroke of twelve, the inmates of the Hermitage are called upon to listen to the fearful cries of that midnight voice in distress, without being able to understand, much less alleviate, its painful exigency.

"My establishment was, of course, broken up. No one would stay to be tortured; for though I tried closing the wing from which the cries only could be heard, yet at the striking of the clock at midnight, everyone seemed impelled to awake and be held in paralyzed expectancy until the influence, whatever it was, had passed."

I could not but feel that there was some justification for the manner in which the haunted house had been foisted upon me, and I left Miss Reapham rejoicing in the assurance that I would not exact the return of the instalment of rent paid, but would retain her house for three months; which latter proposal was not prompted by motives altogether so philanthropical as those Miss Reapham gave me credit for.

* * * * * *

It may have occurred to any possible reader of so much of this "o'er true" story that the singular circumstances just recounted might be capable of scientific explanation, and that Winnifred had not been murdered, but was still in existence.

Such, at any rate, was my own strong conviction, and I determined to do what lay in my power to throw some light on the mystery.

My belief was not shared by my wife, who—with the simple faith of certain (by no means the least worthy or lovable) of her sex, considered that everything unusual must be supernatural, and that even thought-reading is uncanny—would not be persuaded to give up, in spite of my learned disquisitions on occult science, brain waves, etc., the awesome conviction that she had been brought into personal contact with the spirit world; and was indeed so affected by her late alarming experience at Sherriton Hermitage that she began to lose flesh, and was evidently failing in health.

This was quite enough to decide me on investigating the matter, even without the incentive of my very strong desire to find a philosophical solution to the portentous events which had driven us so suddenly out of house and home.

My wife utterly refused to give me her help or countenance, declaring that my attempt at a solution of the mysterious sounds, which still haunted her imagination and deprived her of appetite and sleep, would be a "tempting of Providence," whatever that might mean, and hugged the gnawing superstition to her heart with Spartan tenacity and dread of investigation; so that when I decided as a first step in my operations, upon retaining the Hermitage for three months, I did so without the concurrence of my wife.

It was also without her knowledge that I with a friend passed a night at the haunted house, going through the formula and analyzing the eerie sounds as far as they were capable of analysis, and coming to the conclusion since their scope was limited and not all-pervading—restricted to the perception of persons within the house only—they might be produced under strong cerebral excitement by a person endowed with abnormal odic force.

Winnifred, a simple maid servant, might or might not possess such a force. My next step was clearly to make myself acquainted with the girl's personal history.

But how? It flashed upon me that Miss Reapham, in my interview with her at Putney, had intimated that she had taken charge of Winnifred from the age of twelve. Miss Reapham was the person to whom to apply.

But before doing this I resolved to expose myself once more to the strange influences of the Hermitage at midnight.

My friend being unable to accompany me by the sudden illness of one of his children, I determined to face the ordeal alone.

On preparing to make my arrangements for the night as before in the bedroom in the wing, I found that the caretaker had made up a bed for me on a cot in the dressing-room.

The reason for this was not far to seek in a wet stain on the ceiling and a saturated floor in the bedroom, showing that the rain had penetrated, and was still slowly dripping into a foot-bath which had been placed under the broken patch of plaster in the ceiling.

It was to the accompaniment of this ceaseless drip, drip, which made itself distinctly audible in the silence through the closed doors of both dressing-room and study, that I waited expectantly with "hair on end" for the usual ending.

But when at length the hour of midnight was hammered from the old clock tower, and no result followed—no portentous wind, no eerie, no mental exaltation as though a "spirit had passed by" me, I began to feel, with the sensation of intense relief, in a manner defrauded of my just right to be horrified after so much good preparation for the same.

Then a light broke in upon me, and I made up my mind to spend, at all risks, the next night in the bedroom I had before occupied.

With the object of making arrangements for this, I awaited the advent of the caretaker next morning.

The woman turned out to be the wife of the very policeman we had encountered on our first night's experience of the Hermitage; and what was more, she and her husband had been regular occupants of the basement of said Hermitage, whenever, as was mostly the case, it was unlet, and "had never had no cause to complain of disturbances by ghosties, leastwise unless it were rats and mice. But then," added Mrs. Policeman, with a sly twinkle, "we never ventured so high as the bedrooms, and so slept in peace."

Disregarding Mrs. P.'s implied warning, I watched next night in the haunted room, and duly went through all the horrors experienced before, and so came to the conclusion that the force liberated in so ghastly a form at midnight, bent itself in the direction of, and so to speak, focussed itself in, that room whenever attracted by the magnetism of a human presence.

A few days later I repaired to Putney and found poor Miss Reapham more hopeless, more nervous, though she greeted me with less of mistrust than before.

I approached the subject of Winnifred as gently as I could, and Miss Reapham willingly communicated all that she herself knew of the girl's early life.

But Miss Reapham was one of those who take all life as it comes, without analysis or induction, and certainly without observation worthy the designation, the two former being the results of the last. Reapham's "primrose" was the yellow-haired Winnifred, and it was only under strenuous cross-examination that his mistress admitted that her quondam maid "had gold-colored hair, a pretty color and nice teeth, and was in all respects a good, steady servant and not at all flighty, excepting in the one instance whereby she met her death, poor thing."

Thus Miss Reapham, who also furnished the information that she had taken her protegee from an industrial home at Kensington, where she had been maintained up to the age of twelve by a lady of rank, the name of said lady not having transpired.

"Had Winnifred any peculiarities of constitution or temperament?" I next inquired.

The poor lady searched deliberately and conscientiously the archives of memory, and at length produced the, to my mind, very important fact that the girl had been, up to the age of eighteen, subject to epileptic fits, in which she would remain for upwards of half an hour without sense or motion. Upon regaining consciousness, she had used to be totally oblivious of everything that had taken place from the time of her seizure.

This was all I could elicit from Miss Reapham on the subject of her parlor maid. My next attempt to obtain further information must be made at the refuge at Kensington.

Intimating as much to Miss Reapham, that lady's memory appeared to receive some sort of stimulus from this second allusion to Kensington, and she exclaimed:

"I feel sure that it was a Countess who was the patroness of my poor girl, and now I think of it, it must have been the same from whom my brother purchased that ill-omened house for me at Sherriton. I know it was the same name, and that the Countess was considered to be very eccentric."

"Can you not recollect the title?" I asked eagerly.

"I fear not," she replied, "but that is of no consequence, as the name can be found in the title-deeds of Hermitage, which are in the hand of my lawyer, who happens to reside at Sherriton: indeed, it was he who recommended the purchase to my brother."

I believed that I saw my way now to some additional particulars concerning Winnifred, and bidding farewell to Miss Reapham, who furnished me with a letter of introduction to her solicitor, I returned to town with the intention of prosecuting further inquiries at Sherriton.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.]

VIOLENCE ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good natured smile can work wonders, accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot by that means make him respect you.

The Rival Widows.

BY S. W.

SHE was a very pretty little widow, and, though nearly forty, with a complexion as fresh as though she had been fifteen years younger, and hair of a lovely golden yellow, disposed about her head in a series of curls, which was simply ravishing.

She was evidently vain of it, for she never passed a mirror without glancing at it, and if there happened to be any disorder or unbecomingness, she would hasten to her room to remedy it.

At least, so Mrs. Langley said; but then, some of the ladies whispered among themselves that Mrs. Langley, the tall, handsome brunette widow, was jealous of Mrs. Belton.

There were but two or three unmarried men at the "Lake Hotel" of an age suited to these two fair widows, and of them the major was by far the most important.

Time and again had he appeared smitten with the charms of some fair lady, and time and again drawn back just as the fact was becoming patent to the lookers on.

This time, however, the major was undeniably smitten. Some said he was in love with the golden locks of the blonde widow, while others insisted that the dark eyes of Mrs. Langley had won him captive.

The major himself was evidently undecided upon the subject, being alternately in attendance on one or the other.

And so the two ladies, beneath a surface of extreme politeness, were at daggers drawn with each other. The brunette widow was certain that, had she the field to herself, she could bring the major to her feet with little trouble.

So she was thinking, as, with her little pet dog beside her, she reclined upon her lounge at the time of the afternoon's siesta.

The day was warm, and the doors of all the ladies' apartments opening upon the corridor were ajar. Most of the fair inmates were taking their beauty-sleep.

"Lie still, Puck," she said, as the silky little spaniel awoke from his nap and became restless.

Puck complied for a few minutes, and then, noiselessly sliding to the floor, slipped out into the passage and sought amusement in his own way.

It was not five minutes after this that Puck's mistress was aroused from the beginning of her nap.

It was the dog that woke her. There he was flying round and round the room, dragging after him what looked like, yes, most decidedly like—the head of Mrs. Belton.

Mrs. Langley sprang up, for no other lady at the hotel had precisely that shade and color of hair. It was—good gracious! It was a wig!

Here was a discovery, indeed! And a light of mingled surprise, amusement and triumph sparkled in the eyes of the handsome brunette, as she surveyed the unexpected prize.

Then, with the wig in her hand, she softly glided into the passage, paused outside Mrs. Belton's door, and took a cautious peep within.

There reclined the fair, plump little widow herself, fair still, though her snowy complexion and delicate features were set off by only a thin mist of short golden hair, which, if twisted all together, would not have made a strand as large as her little finger.

Mrs. Langley gently tossed the ruined wig upon the floor, and, retiring to her own room, closed the door securely on Puck.

Mrs. Belton did not come down to tea, though her aunt did. The old lady seemed considerably upset, and glanced suspiciously round the faces of the ladies.

But all looked so innocent, and all—especially Mrs. Langley—inquired so naturally as to the cause of her niece's absence, that her doubts were quieted. They could know nothing about it.

It was a lovely, moonlight night, and there was music and dancing in the saloon, and promenading on the lake terrace.

Mrs. Belton, listening to the music, grew tired of staying in her room. She could not possibly show herself in public for a day or two, in which time she might have her wig restored to its normal condition.

Why, therefore, should she not take advantage of the moonlight obscurity to enjoy herself as she might be permitted?

Mrs. Langley stared, and the major, brightened as they saw her step upon the terrace. Her face was shaded by the folds of a silk scarf, which, failing to her shoulders, entirely concealed her head. Thus, she said, she must protect herself from the dews and the breezes.

They were all seated in a group when Mrs. Langley said—

"Did you ever see the Indian scarf-dance, Mrs. Gaylord?"

Mrs. Gaylord had not; and the major begged a description of it.

"I would show it to you if I had a scarf, or if Mrs. Belton would be good enough to lend me hers for a moment."

The blonde widow colored in the moonlight, and murmured something about taking cold.

"You could not possibly take cold in this summer air, and you shall have my zephyr," said Mrs. Langley, with a sweet and most pensive smile.

What could Mrs. Belton do? How could she refuse, with the eyes of all upon her, and especially the major's eyes, who already looked a little surprised at her hesitancy?

Suddenly a thought flashed upon her. She raised her eyes and looked steadily at her rival. She saw it all in a moment; her secret had been discovered, and to-morrow, without doubt, it would be made known.

For an instant her heart failed her; but then she nerved herself to a brave resolve.

"I am very sorry that I cannot let you have the scarf," she said in a voice which faltered despite herself.

"Why?" persisted her tormenter, with an air of innocent surprise.

"Because"—it was hard to say, after all—"because I have not my wig on."

"Flora!" gasped Mrs. Gaylord.

"I shall have to make a clean breast of it," she said, with a little laugh. "One of the ladies' pet-dogs—was it not yours, Mrs. Langley?—got hold of my wig this evening, and has completely spoiled it."

The major turned his eyes upon her with a sudden and glad surprise.

"So you wear a wig, madam! So do I. How rejoiced I am to find a lady who happens to be in the same predicament with myself! Why, I would have married you long ago, but the knowledge fear of shocking my bride with the knowledge of my bald head."

Then there was a tableau! Mrs. Belton blushed and smiled—a glad smile; the major looked delighted, and Mrs. Langley's face was white as she turned away.

"I lost my hair in a severe illness, and it has never grown again," Mrs. Belton explained. "I had it made up into a wig. So you see it is my own hair, after all."

When the company broke up at the "Lake Hotel" it was perfectly well known to everybody that the major and Mrs. Belton were engaged.

And it was all Puck's doing.

LIVING IN DREAD.

It is a remarkable fact that hundreds of men are almost continuously in danger of meeting a violent death at the hands of an assassin. Or, if the risk is not so great as they suppose, it is, at all events, real enough to them.

The knowledge that they have an implacable enemy who has sworn to be revenged for real or imaginary wrongs is so constant and so terrifying that it is fast driving them towards the "golden gate."

In private life most men who fear assassination do so because of threats made by members of the criminal class. A well-known professional gentleman, for instance, assisted a few years back to send some scoundrels to prison. Before the trial came on he was warned that if he gave evidence he would be struck down when he least expected it.

Undeterred by this notice of his impending doom, he did his duty, and thus far he has not paid the threatened penalty. All the same, he hourly apprehends that the blow will fall, and nothing could induce him to appear in court a second time against anybody belonging to the fraternity in question.

More curious was a case in point related by a prison warder. For some years this man regularly received a sum of money at Christmas in peculiar circumstances. That amount was really an insurance against death. It was sent him by a gentleman who wished to be informed immediately by telegraph in case a certain convict should escape.

This felon had sworn in the dock that as soon as he was liberated, he would "do for" the principal witness against him; and, believing that he would keep his word, for he was a most desperate ruffian, the gentleman arranged for timely warning should he succeed in slipping his guards.

It seems absurd to provide against so remote a contingency. The convict, however, really did escape, and, more than that, he was recaptured in a far-distant village less than three miles from the residence of the man whom he had sworn to kill.

That the object of the runaway in taking the direction he did was a murderous one is beyond reasonable doubt. But had he reached his destination he would have been baulked of his prey. For no sooner did the gentleman receive the long-expected telegram than he began to make hurried preparations for flight, and next morning he sailed abroad.

Another instance had a singular and tragic ending. Not long ago a gentleman was ushered into a merchant's office. Immediately the business man looked at the caller his eyes dilated, and then, with a gasp, he fell back lifeless.

The cause of death was subsequently returned as heart disease, and there the matter ended. But a startling story might have been told at the inquest.

Friends of the deceased have since discovered that the visitor—a perfect stranger to the dead man—bears a perfect resemblance to a scoundrel whom the merchant was instrumental in punishing as he deserved.

This man threatened at the time to be revenged. There is little doubt that the merchant was seriously alarmed at the threats, for when the convict was released after a time that gentleman was never out of his house after nightfall. The deduction is obivous. Most likely the deceased thought that the caller really was the "Monster horrible" he feared, and the shock was too much for his weak heart.

Although the dread of assassination is generally traceable to proceedings in the law courts, this is by no means invariably the case. Many other circumstances give rise to it. A certain business gentleman lives in a state of terror because of the desperate character of a former partner whom he ruined years ago. He has a few of his enemies, but these are known by his clerks; he has always—in his office, in the street, and at home—a loaded revolver in his pocket or within reach; and he is never, or very rarely, out of doors at night. Whether his fears are well grounded or not, they certainly exist, and render his life miserable.

THE TURKISH LADY.—We can hardly realise, writes a correspondent from Constantinople, the full monotony of a Turkish lady's life. Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard to her character must be in her house by sundown.

Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them.

On the Bosphorus their caïques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters, occasionally accompanied by their husbands on horseback.

But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up—the police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back to a lady, and this is obligatory when any member of the Imperial harem passes.

A CURIOUS phenomenon known as floating prairies prevails in Southern Louisiana. All along the Gulf coast the large border of the land floats on the surface of the water. The land is made by fallen timber and grasses. It gradually accumulates earth, and becomes, in the course of time, sufficiently firm to support bushes and even trees; but the soil is only three inches or a little less thick, and below it is the water, upon which it floats because of its extreme lightness. Occasionally pieces of trembling prairie are detached and become floating islands. These are quite a number of these lands, floating from side to side, being frequently carried at a rapid rate by the breeze, trees acting as sails to catch the wind.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE JAPANESE WAY.—The Japanese version of "A glass of wine with you, sir!" is peculiar. You empty your cup, plunge it into a bowl of clean water, move off your mat, and after putting the cup to your forehead, offer it upon your open palm and with a low bow to the person you desire to toast. He receives it in the same manner, and the servant fills it for him. A few minutes after he returns the cup with like ceremony.

CRADLES OF PALM LEAVES.—In the palm region of the Amazon there is a tribe which cradles their infants in palm leaves. A single leaf, turned up round the edges by some native process, makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it does services as a bath-tub. Strong cords are formed from the fibres of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little one to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave a baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkeys delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is therefore stationed near by to watch the baby during his siesta.

LOVE IN SIAM.—A curious custom prevails in Siam, in which place the lighting of a cigar indicates that a betrothal has been entered upon. A young man wishing to be engaged to the girl of his choice sends or offers her a flower, or more commonly takes a light from a cigar or cigarette if she happens to be smoking one, and this act, providing there are no great impediments, is the signal for the arrangement of the dowry and marriage settlements. Both the families of the bride and the bridegroom have to give substantial sums. In Calabar, as well as in many parts of India, a lighted taper or pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor, whilst in Siberia the girl presents her lover with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers, betokening that he is to be the master of the house.

OF DREAMS.—It is to be hoped that superstition about dreams is fast dying out, but at one time, and not so long ago, it was very prevalent in rural districts. The following are a few of the interpretations which were put upon dreams, both good and bad; and it may be as well by way of preface to observe that morning dreams were held to be more reliable than those of any other time, and of morning dreams, those of the morning twilight were most valued. To dream of joy was held to denote grief; of fine clothes, poverty; of flying, falling down; of fire, anger; of serpents, private enemies; of money, loss; of weeping, joy; of feasting, want; of many people, affliction; of singing, sorrow; of changing abode, sudden news; of fishing, good luck; of death, marriage; of finding money, bad luck; of gold, death; of being bald, misfortune; of growing fat, wealth; of drinking water, good entertainment; of a fine garden, much pleasure.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia

DO NOT WAIT.

BY E. T.

Sometimes, we think
When hard words fall upon the waiting ear,
That were that friend, now living, cold and dead,
How different the tones that we should hear,
How kind the things that would of him be said!
For most hearts shrink
From speaking harshly of the silent dead!

In life—not death,
Hearts need fond words to help them on their way;
Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy,
Caresses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day,
Then, heard them not, until they useless be;
In life—not death,
Speak kindly. Living hearts need sympathy!

Oh, do not wait
Till death shall press the weary eyelids down
To yield forbearance! Let it daily fall!
With it a golden calmness comes this life to crown;
Joy springs from charity. Friends, one and all,
Before too late
O'er faults and frailties let this mantle fall!

What worth can be
Love's gentlest glances, or its fondest tone,
The sweetest fancies loving lips can say,
When this form silent lies, cold and alone,
Beneath some grass-grown knoll, not far away?
Ah, give to me
Love's prompt defences while in life I stay!

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRESTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX).—(CONTINUED).

GAUNT froze instantly. "Better go down to your cabin," he said. "I will see you down."

"Oh, it's all right," said Jackson, with a distortion of the lips, which might pass for a smile. "I shan't try the experiment again."

"Don't," said Gaunt, quietly; "nothing in this world is so bad that it might not be worse."

"That's a lie!" remarked Jackson, laconically.

Gaunt made no response, but accompanied the young fellow as far as the saloon stairs, and waited until he had entered his cabin.

The next morning Mr. Jackson passed him on the deck, with a casual kind of nod; but, after Gaunt had passed, Jackson looked after him with a curious expression on his face.

There were half a dozen children on board, and, though Gaunt had avoided his fellow-passengers, some of these children had not so much attracted his attention, but forced themselves upon it; for there was something about Gaunt which exerted a magnetic influence upon animals and children. Decima had felt it that first day of meeting him at the Zoo.

One little girl, a pale-faced little thing, whose mother was taking her to Africa in the hope of snatching her from the Demon Consumption, had, on several occasions, contrived to attract his attention; and once or twice, Gaunt had stopped in his pacing, and spoken to her; and the child had looked so pleased that he had got into the habit of pausing beside her deck-chair, and talking to her about the ship's log, the absence of any toys on board, her own complicated ailments.

He would draw the wool shawl across her chest, or carry her and the chair bodily into the sun, and out of the wind. He rarely spoke to the mother, who was rather afraid of the grim looking gentleman; but Maude did not share her mother's fear and shyness, and talked to Gaunt with the frankness of childish innocence.

Gaunt loved all children, and the child's liking for him brought him some kind of consolation in his misery. There was a look—or he fancied there was a look—in her pale face which reminded him of Decima.

Perhaps, he thought, Decima had looked like that when she was a child. He knew, as well as the ship's doctor knew, that the little one was doomed, and his heart was full of sympathy for the anxious mother. The child told him all about herself, and often plied him with questions about himself.

"Why do you always walk about alone?" she asked, one evening.

"Well, I like it," he said. "Now, if you were able to walk about with me, Maude——"

"I wish I was!" she said, in her thin voice. "I often watch you when you think I'm not looking, and see that you are always thinking, thinking. Mamma says that she's sure you're something on your mind. Have you?"

"A very great deal, Maude," said Gaunt, with a smile.

"And yet you're not going to Africa because you're ill and going to die?" said the child.

"I hope none of us are going to Africa to die," he said.

"Oh, I am," she remarked confidentially. "Mamma thinks I am going to get better; but I know I am not. Something inside me seems to tell me so."

"We'll hope for the best, Maude," said Gaunt.

"Oh, yes," she assented, cheerfully. "But it isn't much use hoping. And, now, you're going to walk on the upper deck by yourself, with your arms behind your back, and your 'thinking' face on. I wish I could come with you; then p'r'aps you wouldn't think so much; but I can't walk."

"You shall come all the same," said Gaunt; "I'll carry you."

"Will you, really? I'm very heavy, you know!"

With a glance, which asked permission, at her mother, Gaunt lifted her in his arms, drew the shawl closely round her, and carried her to the upper deck!

She was wonderfully delighted, and prattled to him in her childish, artless way.

"You must be very strong, to carry me like this!" she said; "but perhaps you are used to it?" He thought of the night he had carried Decima, and his lips set tightly.

"No, I've not had much practice in this kind of thing; but you're not very heavy, and I like carrying you."

"And I like you to carry me," she said. "I think you are a very kind gentleman."

"Thank you, Maude," said Gaunt. "That was a very nice thing to say."

Presently, he knew, by the way in which her head lay upon his breast, that she was asleep, and he carried her down to the saloon, to her mother.

"Thank you, my lord," the lady said, as he placed her, the little one, in her arms. "You must have a kind heart, to be so kind to my child."

"I'm fond of children," said Gaunt.

He went up on the deck again. A fog was coming on, and he watched it rolling up from the horizon. He was thinking, not of the child, but of Decima. Where was she now? What would happen to her? She would not marry Mershon.

But there would be someone else. Someone worthy of her. His heart ached with anguish, as he thought that he had no right even to protect her. He was startled by a voice near him. It was Mr. Jackson.

"The fog's coming on thick," he said, in the dull, expressionless tone which was habitual to him.

Gaunt assented.

"How far off are the Canaries?" asked Jackson.

"About two days' sail, I should think," replied Gaunt.

Jackson moved away, and Gaunt paced up and down. Presently, he almost ran against the captain.

"Thick fog!" he said.

The captain grunted, and passed on.

During the night the fog increased. Gaunt, coming on deck the next morning, found the vessel steaming in an impenetrable vapor, as dense as a blanket. Every now and then she almost came to a standstill.

The captain's bell seemed to ring incessantly; the mate's voice was heard at intervals, gravely and sternly giving orders.

Gaunt knew that they were nearing a dangerous coast; but the other passengers, less experienced and informed, displayed no great interest, and felt no anxiety. They grumbled at the fog, grumbled at the captain, as if he were answerable for it, grumbled at each other; but there was no anxiety.

Gaunt, himself, was not apprehensive until the evening of the second day's fog. Then, as he was pacing the for'ard deck, he overheard the captain remark to the first mate:

"Better stop the engines!"

Gaunt had crossed the ocean too many times not to know what this meant.

The vessel had lost her reckoning; the captain did not know where he was.

Gaunt went down to the saloon. Someone was banging away at the piano; there was the usual laughing and talking.

Some of the young people were under the shelter of the music, flirting boldly; they all looked happy, and free from care.

Then, suddenly, that peculiar noise of the screw, to which the ocean traveler so soon becomes accustomed, ceased.

Every voice was silent; the young lady at the piano stopped playing; everyone glanced at his neighbor interrogatively.

Before the question could be asked, the captain came into the saloon. There was an easy smile on his face, and when a particularly nervous gentleman exclaimed: "The screw's stopped! What's the matter, captain?" he nodded carelessly, and replied:

"Giving the stokers a rest. Go on with your playing, Miss Brown; we shall be off again directly."

But the fog increased, and the engines did not start.

Gaunt went on deck, and found the captain in close confab with the mate.

"Anything wrong, captain?" asked Gaunt, quietly.

The captain was about to make a brusque reply, but he glanced at Gaunt's face, he seemed to change his mind.

"Yes, my lord," he said, "We've lost our reckoning. This fog has caught us, fairly caught us."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Gaunt, "but, of course, there is not."

The captain shook his head, "No." Then he said, as it with an after-thought, "Well, yes; you can go below, and keep 'em easy till we get out of this. It may lift directly." But he looked into the fog doubtfully.

Gaunt, after a glance at the thick vapor, through which one could not see a yard, went back to the saloon.

Miss Brown had ceased playing, and silence had settled upon the lately light-hearted crowd. Gaunt went to the piano, and struck a chord.

"Have you ever heard this song?" he said.

Everybody turned to him, with expectation and surprise.

He was no musician, and had not touched a piano for years; but, in his younger days, he had been able to sing and vamp an accompaniment. He played and sang.

He scarcely knew what he was singing, but the audience applauded vociferously; all the more vociferously because this usually stern and reserved man had condescended to make an effort for their amusement.

"Encore! Encore! Give us another!" they cried.

Gaunt puzzled his brains, and after dint of thinking, remembered another song. It was absolutely necessary that this crowd of timid passengers should be prevented from knowing, and thinking of the peril that lay so near them.

He played and sang, and little Maude stole up to the piano, and leant against him, admiringly and confidingly.

"You are a clever man!" she said, in her childish treble.

Gaunt rose from the piano, and inducted a more skilful performer.

"Let us have something with a chorus," he said, with a gaiety which surprised his hearers, who had hitherto regarded him as the most grim and unsociable of men.

A young lady went to the piano, and began the accompaniment to a comic song one of the young men essayed to sing.

Gaunt heard the stern voice of the captain issuing orders, and the tramp of the crew as they obeyed.

The song proceeded, the chorus was being roared, when, suddenly, there came a peculiar shock and sound, which struck the singers dumb.

No one knew what had happened, but through every man and woman there had run something which had sent cold fear and dread to every heart.

They sprang to their feet, and looked wildly at each other for a moment in silence; then the first shriek rose from a woman's lips, and was instantly followed by others.

There was a rush for the saloon door. That terrible thing, Panic, had taken hold of them, and men and women fought for the narrow doorway; some of the former forgetting their manhood in their terror, and pushing the women aside.

Gaunt stood near the door; he heard the captain, as he passed the upper deck door, pause, and say, calmly and sternly:

"Oblige me by keeping the passengers in the saloon, my lord."

Gaunt closed the door, and stood with his back to it. The ship was rocking hideously, like a living thing in pain, and some of the women fell to the ground, or were thrown there by the mad rush of the men for the door. Gaunt stood firm and square, with his legs apart.

"We must remain where we are," he said. "We must obey the captain's order. There may be no danger; we should certainly not better things by crowding on the deck and hindering the men."

Some of them fell back, but one or two of the men still pressed on him, and the nearest caught him by the collar of his coat.

"Who are you to stand in our way?" he demanded, in a voice thick with the frenzy of terror. "Stand aside! We're not going to be huddled up down here!"

"Yes; stand aside!" said one or two others, advancing threateningly.

Gaunt saw that it was necessary to make an example, and he promptly knocked the first speaker down.

"Please understand," he said, "that not one of us will leave the saloon until we have the captain's permission."

The man picked himself up, and the rest fell back a pace. Gaunt's calmness and firmness were making them ashamed of themselves. Gaunt deliberately shot the bolt in the door, and leant against it.

"Look to the ladies!" he said to the men. "The trouble may be over in a few minutes. We have a good captain and a good crew, and we can rely upon them to do their utmost for us!"

His quiet words, his perfect self-possession, had their due effect upon the women. They ceased shrieking and screaming, but huddled together, crying and moaning in a subdued fashion.

Gaunt went on talking, doing his best to reassure them. Presently, little Maude ran from amongst the women, and came to his side, and stole her hand into his.

"I'm not afraid!" she said. "Least, I am afraid, but I won't cry, Lord Gaunt!"

He put his hand upon her head.

"That's right, Maude, dear," he said. "There's not much use in crying, is there? And it's very likely that we shall all be laughing again presently."

The vessel still rocked in the same curious way, and the peculiar motion told Gaunt what had happened.

The Pevensey Castle had drifted on to a rock or a sand bank, and was swaying to and fro on a pivot as the seas struck her.

Ages seemed to pass while he stood there, holding the crowd by the power of his eye and voice, but, presently, he heard the captain's step on the stairs, and he opened the door and admitted him. The captain took in the situation at a glance.

"Thank you, my lord!" he said, calmly and quietly, as if he were thanking Gaunt for passing the salt. Then he looked round.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we've stuck on a sand bank." He held up his hand as a cry of terror arose. "There's no need to be alarmed. There's no need for a single soul to come to harm. I always think it best to tell the truth, and the whole truth; and here it is: We're on the coast of Mogador, and not very far from the harbor.

"The boats are ready, and I'll have you all put ashore as comfortably as possible—that is, if you obey orders. Now, you will please come on deck a dozen at a time; a dozen, and no more. Lord Gaunt will be kind enough to point out each lot, and see that the order is carried out. May I trouble you so far, my lord?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Very good," said the captain, calmly. "Then I can return to my place on deck."

He put a revolver in Gaunt's hand, and went up again.

The crowd watched Gaunt with eager eyes, and almost seemed to cease breathing as he pointed out the first dozen; nine women and three men.

"The men will take charge of the ladies," he said, "and help them into the boat."

If any of the men had felt inclined to disobey him, his complete self-possession, and perhaps the sight of the revolver in his hand, would have restrained them.

The first dozen was marshaled out of the cabin to the deck. The others, waiting anxiously, could hear the mate giving orders, and the sailors' "Aye, aye, sir!" as the boat was launched.

The captain called out, "Next lot!" and a second dozen were dispatched. And so it went on until only ten remained. Gaunt had intended sending little Maude and her mother in one of the earlier batches, but the child had clung to him and begged to remain.

"Let mamma and me go with you!" she said. "I know we shall be quite safe then."

As the turn of the last lot came, Gaunt picked up the child with his left arm,

leaving his right free for the revolver, and led the way up on the deck. The fog was still thick, but the ship was brilliantly lit by the electric light, and Gaunt looked round upon a scene of admirable order. All the boats had gone save two, and they were ready to be launched at the word of command.

The captain and his officers stood as calmly, and spoke as quietly, as if nothing whatever was the matter; and the crew were carrying out their orders with cheerful alacrity.

The last boat but one went off with its living freight; it consisted of a number of the crew, as well as some of the passengers. Each boat, as it left the rocking ship, sent up a cheer, which was returned by those remaining on deck.

"Now, my lord," said the captain, as the last boat was launched.

Gaunt helped the women into their places. He put Maude's mother in, and she held out her arms for the child.

"Good-bye, little one!" he said, and he kissed her.

She wound her arms round his neck, and looked up at him imploringly.

"Oh, not 'good-bye,'" she said. "You're coming, you're coming? I won't go without you!"

"Presently, presently!" said Gaunt. He kissed her again, loosened her hold gently, and as gently placed her in her mother's arms.

There was only one place in the boat remaining. Gaunt looked up the gangway. Besides himself there were only two men left on deck. One was the captain, and the other, to Gaunt's surprise, was Jackson. The young fellow was very pale, and his lips were apart, as if he were breathing hard.

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain. "One of you get in, please. The quicker you are away, the better."

Gaunt stood aside, and motioned to him.

"You go, captain," he said.

"Thank you, my lord," said the captain, quietly. "I stand by the ship."

Gaunt went up the steps quickly, and laid his hand upon Jackson's shoulder.

"Off with you!" he said.

Jackson's face worked heavily.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, as quietly as before. "I am going to stay with the captain."

"The ship will be to pieces before the morning," panted Jackson. "Its certain death to stick by her!"

He had been drinking heavily, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring, and the sweat stood in huge drops on his forehead; but he was quite sober, and fully realized the peril and the chance of escape.

"All the more reason you should go," said Gaunt, quickly, but in a low voice.

Jackson still hesitated, and Gaunt, knowing the danger of delay, gripped him by the arm, drew him down the gangway, and almost forced him into boat.

The boat got clear, and, as she moved away, the last cheer rose, and Gaunt and the captain responded to it, and waved their caps.

She was lost to sight in a minute, and the captain and Gaunt, after straining their eyes after her, turned instinctively, and looked at each other. The captain held out his hand.

"You are a brave man, my lord!" he said; and for the first time there was a slight tremor in his voice.

Gaunt smiled as he shook the hand.

"One might finish up in a worse way than this, captain," he said. "I suppose there's not much chance for us?"

The captain shook his head.

"Not much, my lord," he said; "the wind's getting up; there's a hole in the bottom—don't you hear the water coming in? She'll heel over before long——" There was no need to finish the sentence.

"It's a pity!" he added, after a moment, "a pity! She was a fine vessel, and I'm fond and proud of her." His voice broke slightly, and he moved away, as if he did not like Gaunt to see his emotion.

Gaunt made his way with some difficulty to the bow, and, leaning against the bulwark, looked into the fog. A strange feeling of peace and rest was stealing over him.

As he had said, one might make a worse finish than this. It had been no great sacrifice on his part, the surrender of the place in the boat to Jackson, for he had not the least desire to prolong a life which was now a burden to him. To such a man as Gaunt, life is only precious while it holds the possibility of hope and love.

He was sorry for the poor ship, sorry for the captain's grief, and still more sorry that so brave a man should perish; but for himself he had no regret, no desire to escape the end.

Indeed, he did not think of himself, but of Decima. As he gazed into the fog, his memory and imagination were limning upon its gray surface the scenes in which he had acted with her.

He recalled their first meeting at the Zoo; the day they had met by the stream, the many times they had been together at the Hall; the night of the ball, when he had held her in his arms; and, lastly, the night of their parting, when he had told her of his love and she had whispered her confession of her love for him.

He could hear her voice, like weird music, infinitely sweet, and infinitely sad, coming through the roar of the waves, the grating and grinding of the doomed ship; he could feel her kisses warm upon his lips; feel her arms about his neck, her heart beating against his.

Memory is a strange thing, and at that moment there came back to Gaunt's mind some verses which he had read many years ago, and which he had not thought of since.

What right had he to wish that she should remember him? His very love for her had fallen like a blight upon her young life. No! Rather let him wish that she should forget him.

And, surely, she would do so. She was young; her life was still stretched before her. Her love for him would gradually wane and die; some other man would come and stir her heart with love again. But let him be whom he may, though he were a thousand times worthier of her than Gaunt was, he would not love her with more passionate and devoted love than that which had burnt like a pure flame in Gaunt's heart.

He pictured her the wife of another man with a keener anguish than any fear of approaching death could have aroused; but yet with no bitterness; for, as he thought of her, his lips moved in fervent prayer for her happiness.

"Heaven bless you, my dearest, my dearest!" he murmured. "May my mad love never cast its shadow over your future happiness!"

The captain came up to him.

"She is filling fast!" he said. "She will go over presently."

Gaunt nodded.

"All right," he said.

The captain took out his pipe.

"Have you any tobacco?" he asked.

Gaunt handed him his pouch; then filled his own pipe.

They stood side by side, smoking in silence. Suddenly, a big wave, which seemed mountains high, struck the side; the vessel heeled over, and Gaunt was thrown on his back. When he looked up, half-blinded by the spray, he could not see the captain. The brave man had gone.

Another wave smote the doomed vessel, and Gaunt felt himself swept against the deck-house so violently that he was half stunned by the contact. A spar from the rigging lay across his chest, and, instinctively, he clasped it. He lay thus, for it was impossible to stand for some minutes; then there came another wave, and, still grasping the spar, he was swept overboard.

How long he retained consciousness after he had been dashed into the sea cannot be told. To swim was impossible; the ground swell was too violent. Mechanically, he still clung to the spar. The tide was setting out to sea, and, as he floated, he saw that the fog was gradually lifting; and, as he was borne on the top of a wave, he looked round for the vessel. She had disappeared.

Gaunt prayed for death at that moment; for this terrible solitude in the midst of the roaring waves, was infinitely worse than death. Then his senses left him, and, with "Decima!" upon his lips, he relaxed his hold of the spar.

* * * * *

When he came to, he found, to his amazement, that he was lying in a comfortable berth in a luxurious cabin.

Two men were standing beside him. They exchanged a look, and nodded, as Gaunt opened his eyes. Gaunt looked round, and sighed. At that moment he was not particularly glad to come back to life.

"All right, now?" said one of the men who was watching him. He was a young fellow, with a pleasant face and a pleasant smile. He was dressed in yachting costume, and was smoking a cigarette.

"Where am I?" asked Gaunt, with an effort.

"On board 'The Sea Wolf,'" replied the young fellow. "My yacht. We picked you up early this morning. You've been wrecked, I suppose?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Better not let him talk yet awhile," broke in the second man.

"All right, doctor," assented the young fellow, cheerfully. "You go to sleep it you can," he said to Gaunt. "You'll be all right after a snooze. We'll leave you quiet."

Gaunt closed his eyes again, and slept. When he awoke, he found the young fellow standing beside him, with a basin of broth.

"Get outside this!" he said. "The doctor—he's a friend of mine, and has come this trip with me—says that you'll pull through all right."

"Thanks; I've no doubt I shall," said Gaunt, not very cheerfully. "May I ask to whom I am indebted?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man. "My name's Dobson. I'm taking a cruise in this yacht of mine. We lost our reckoning in that fog—and it's lucky we did, or we shouldn't have come across you!"

"I was a passenger on board the Pevensey Castle," said Gaunt. "She drifted on a sand-bank." He spoke with difficulty, and Mr. Dobson had sense enough to stop him.

"All right," he said. "Tell us all about it when you're more fit. Try and go to sleep again. There's nothing like sleep for your case, so the doctor says. I've brought you some books and papers, if you can't manage a doze."

He left the cabin, and Gaunt tried to sleep; but his head ached too much, and presently he took up one of the papers.

He turned it over mechanically, and was putting it down again, when his eye was caught by a heading in large type.

"The Tragedy at Prince's Mansions. Verdict of Wilful Murder against Lord Gaunt!"

He read the account in a kind of stupor, and had the paper still in his hand when Mr. Dobson re-entered the cabin.

"How have you been getting on?" he inquired. "Been reading the paper? That's right."

"Yes," said Gaunt, quietly. "I have been reading the account of the—murder at Prince's Mansions."

"Ah, terrible affair that," cut in Dobson. "They have'nt got that Lord Gaunt yet, more's the pity."

"No," said Gaunt, raising himself on his elbow. "I am Lord Gaunt, Mr. Dobson. How soon can you take me back to England?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE news of the wreck of the Pevensey Castle did not reach London until some days after the sad event; but, when it did, it created a sensation only inferior to that which had been made by the murder in Prince's Mansions.

The boats had reached the harbor of Mogador in safety, and the rescued passengers had given a full and touching account of the foundering of the ill-fated vessel and the heroic conduct of the captain and Lord Gaunt.

That they had both been drowned no one seemed to entertain any doubt, and, on the principle of speaking nothing but good of the dead, Lord Gaunt's crime was forgotten for the moment in admiration for his heroism.

The papers came out with the whole story, and leaders were written, dilating, with editorial unction, upon the dramatic aspect of the affair, and the poetical justice, which had been dealt out to, as the writers called him, "this unfortunate nobleman." They, all of them, however, failed to inform their readers what the captain had done to deserve death. But that was a mere matter of detail.

To Decima, lying white and wan in the darkened room, no tidings of the outside world were permitted to reach. She had recovered consciousness, but she lay 'twixt life and death, in that condition of mind and body which resembles stupor. All danger, however, was past; her youth and strength had fought the battle for her and won it; and as the doctor said, it was only a question of time and careful nursing.

For the latter, Lady Pauline could be relied on, and gradually the vacant expression of Decima's eyes changed to one which, although it was sadder, displayed some faint interest in life.

On the day of the news of the loss of the Pevensey Castle and Lord Gaunt's death was running like wildfire through the land, Decima turned to Lady Pauline, and said—

"I suppose I am not going to die, Aunt Pauline?"

Lady Pauline took the snow-white hand, and patted it softly.

"I hope not, dear," she said. "No, you have been very ill, but you are quite out of danger now. I hope that, in a few days, I shall be able to take you downstairs. And then we will go to Walfield. You would like to go there, would you not?"

Decima thought for a moment, then she replied—

"I think I would rather go home. Father must miss me. And Bobby will be coming home, and—and it is more comfortable for him when I am there."

"We will see," said Lady Pauline, gently. "We will ask the doctor."

Decima was silent for a moment, then she turned her eyes away, and asked—

"Have you seen Mr. Mershon, aunt?"

"Yes," replied Lady Pauline. "I have seen him, and I have told him what you wished him to be told."

Decima breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Aunt Pauline. I—I am afraid he was very angry, was he not?"

"He was," said Lady Pauline laconically. "But we will not talk of Mr. Mershon, dear. I trust that he has gone out of your life from henceforth."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried. "I—I could not marry him!" She shuddered. "He was very kind, and I—I am very grateful to him; but I could not marry him now!"

She turned her head away and closed her eyes, and Lady Pauline, who thought she was asleep, looked at the white face sadly.

How much longer could the story of the murder and Lord Gaunt's death be kept from Decima; and what would be its effect upon her? She must know sooner or later; the air was full of it, the newspaper boys were yelling it through the streets.

Later in the day, Bobby came in. He was terribly upset, and scarcely master of himself.

"You've heard the news, Lady Pauline?" he said as he entered the drawing-room. He had never been able to address her as aunt.

"Yes," she said. "It is terrible; and yet——!"

"I know," said Bobby, with a kind of groan. "You are thinking that he has escaped a trial for murder, and—and, perhaps, the—the conviction?"

Lady Pauline nodded, and sighed.

"He never did it!" said Bobby fervently. "No; I don't think he did. But we need not discuss that, Robert. I was thinking of Decima."

Bobby drew a long breath.

"She will hear it directly she gets about again," he said.

"Yes," said Lady Pauline. "That is inevitable. It will be better that she should hear it from us."

"Ah, yes; but who's to tell her?" he demanded.

"I and you," she said, with her usual courage. "She will bear it better coming from us than from strangers. I think she will be strong enough to-morrow. Will you come in the afternoon, please? I asked her this morning whether she would like to go to Walfield, but she seemed to want to go home."

"To father, yes," said Bobby. "That's like Decima; she thinks of everyone before herself! Father will want her too, for he's in trouble again."

"What trouble?" asked Lady Pauline.

Bobby groaned.

"Oh, Mr. Mershon has cut up rough. It's that confounded—I beg your pardon, Lady Pauline!"

"There is no need for profane expressions, Robert," she said. "But go on."

"It's that unfortunate company, the Electric Storage, you know."

"I don't know; but no matter."

"It seems that the guv'nor is indebted to Mr. Mershon: it's rather a large sum; and Mershon's lawyer, Mr. Gilsby, has written to the guv'nor—well, demanding payment. Father has given Mershon bills, you know."

Lady Pauline sighed.

"I will help your father to the best of my ability, Robert," she said. "I must go up to Decima now. Come to-morrow and if she is strong enough we will tell her about—about Lord Gaunt."

Bobby left the house and went home; he was staying at a quiet hotel as Prince's Mansions were impossible for him under the circumstances, and he bought the special editions of the evening papers and read every line of the account of the shipwreck, and "Lord Gaunt's heroic conduct;" and his heart was filled with sorrow for the death of the man whom he had admired and loved so much.

The next day he went to Berkeley Square. Lady Pauline came to him with a grave but determined expression on her face.

"She is much better," she said. "I have considered the question from all points of view, and I have decided that she ought to be told as soon as possible. You may come up now, but you will be careful Robert?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN SUMMER DIES.

BY E. S.

When she I love so well is near,
Smiling on me with bright blue eyes,
There is no winter in my year.

I laugh at pain, I know not fear,
And far away all sorrow flies
When she I love so well is near.

Though flow'rets fade and skies are drear,
Though in bare boughs the cold wind sighs,
There is no winter in my year.

The skylark's joyous notes I hear,
Rising in song to cloudless skies,
When she I love so well is near.

So rosy-red her cheeks appear,
And in her gaze such brightness lies,
There is no winter in my year.

I see not frost-bound rill or mere,
I make no moan when summer dies;
When she I love so well is near
There is no winter in my year!

Letitia.

BY G. L. S.

THE plan of Trumpington-cum-Sedgely greatly resembled the form of a cross of honor, the market place representing the central device; the four principal streets, the arms, and the church, standing on a slight eminence at the head of the High street, the ring by which the cross might have been suspended.

As no railway had invaded the little town to mould it in conformity with modern ideas, it held to characteristics of its own, its prejudices and animosities and strict notions of caste and of proprieties, which wider influences have a tendency to moderate.

In a genteel two-storied white house on the opposite side of the church to the Rectory resided Lady Postlethwaite, the very "cream of the cream."

She did not claim this position so much on account of being the widow of a knight as of her own high birth, belonging as she did on the maternal side to the Crumptons of Crumpton Park.

Unfortunately her wealth was scarcely on a par with her position, as the worthy knight her late husband had been able to leave her only about three hundred a year.

Lady Postlethwaite had but one child, a daughter—Amelia—a short stout girl with red hair and a freckled complexion. But Miss Postlethwaite was accomplished. She played the piano with considerable force of muscle, and painted in water colors, as various groups of what were supposed to represent flowers, hung about the drawing-room, testified.

Amelia Postlethwait therefore held her head high on this score, as well as on that of her good birth. She had a fondness for dressing elaborately in light showy colors, was always first in the fashion, and did her best to make up by art for those graces of person that had been denied by nature.

The only other member of the family was Letitia Lupton, an orphan niece of the late Sir Thomas Postlethwaite. When Letitia's father and mother died within a few months of each other, leaving their daughter, then fourteen years of age, an orphan and portionless, Lady Postlethwaite, who had never kept up much communication with her husband's sister, took pity upon the forlorn girl and offered her a home.

Letitia at the time was thankful to accept her aunt's kindness; but, as years went on she fully realized her dependent position, she expressed a great wish to procure a situation as a governess or companion, or in some other way to provide for herself.

But Lady Postlethwaite was so unfeignedly horror-stricken at the idea of any young lady who chanced to be a relative of hers doing anything to earn her own living that Letitia, being sincerely grateful to her aunt and unwilling to do what would hurt her feelings, found herself compelled to yield the point, and to endeavor to make the best of the somewhat dreary life before her.

Lady Postlethwaite had been much commended by her neighbors for her charity to the orphan, and felt it added to her importance to talk in a patronizing way of "poor Sir Thomas' niece." Moreover, though she would not have owned to such a motive for her benevolence even to herself, she found Letitia invaluable as a help in the household.

Three hundred a year would not allow of many servants or of heavy milliners' and dressmakers' bills, and Amelia had no taste for household avocations. Letitia's thoughtfulness and industry were therefore in constant requisition and her time was fully employed.

Nevertheless, in spite of her usefulness, Letitia was not much considered either in her aunt's house or in the society of Trumpington-cum-Sedgely. She had neither the Misses Sharples' lively manners nor Miss Moss' fair florid style of beauty; nor had she her cousin's accomplishments.

She was only a slight quiet dark-eyed girl who never thought of putting herself forward. Not that she was particularly humble-minded, but she had been made so thoroughly aware of the fact that her position was less important than that of her cousin and her associates that she had learned to expect to be overlooked.

Letitia Lupton had however found one sincere friend in Trumpington-cum-Sedgely. The Reverend Doctor Snoresby, though not a brilliant preacher, was a learned and truly excellent man.

He was a widower without children; and, recognizing the girl's bright intelligence, he took notice of her, and soon became as fond of her as if she had been a daughter of his own.

In spite of her numerous employments at home, Letitia found time to profit by the conversation and teaching of the worthy clergyman, as well as to make good use of his well-stored library.

One of the evils frequently lamented over amongst the more juvenile members of Trumpington-cum-Sedgely society was the preponderance of the fair sex. Not that the matrons of that town had presented their spouses with daughters exclusively; but the sons had found few openings there for ambitious youth, and had scattered themselves far and wide.

The young ladies therefore suffered from a dearth of partners either for the dance or for the longer partnership of life, and many were the consequent speculations relative to the few "eligibles" who ventured within the charmed circle.

But changes took place even in Trumpington-cum-Sedgely. Just beyond the town, at a little distance from the church and Rectory, stood an old-fashioned house with stone copings. It was divided from the road by a paved court surrounded on three sides by ivy-covered walls, except where an ornamental iron gateway gave access to the interior.

Behind the house were a garden and orchard of considerable extent, well stocked with flowers and prolific fruit trees. This place had been occupied by a lady not quite right in her mind, who had lived there completely secluded with her one companion or keeper.

She was now dead, and the house had remained for some time vacant. Then the "To let" was taken down, and workmen both within and without were seen busy repairing and putting the place in order.

Here was a subject for speculation! The interest did not subside when it was ascertained that, old Doctor Middlemist being about to retire from practice, a young physician had made arrangements to succeed him in his duties.

Nor was it lessened by the information that the new practitioner—Doctor Best—was an unmarried man about thirty years of age, and that he was by no means entirely dependent upon his practice, having inherited a comfortable competence.

He it was who, having been struck by the capabilities of the old Queen Anne house, had purchased the lease, intending to take up his residence there.

One September afternoon the two Misses Sharples called on their dear friend Amelia Postlethwaite to convey to her the news that Doctor Best had arrived and that they had actually seen and been introduced to him.

As they were passing the "White Lion," they had observed a handsome dark-complexioned man with a brown beard standing on the steps talking to Doctor Miedlemist, and the old physician had introduced the stranger as Doctor Best.

"He is so polite!" said Isabelle.

"He said that, if we were specimens of the feminine portion of the town's inhabitants, it would be a bad look-out for his practice," said Barbara, with a titter, glancing at her pink and white complexion in the mirror.

"He seems clever," Isabella added. "I always thought he must be courageous to think of living in that house. I am sure I should never dare to live there, lest it should be haunted!" she concluded, with a giggle.

Barbara suggested amiably in answer to her sister's remark, that in all probability her courage would never be tried in that way, whereupon Isabella retorted that Barbara need not make sure of Doctor Best because he happened to address himself to her that morning.

Barbara tossed her head, declaring that, for her part, she did not think him half so handsome as Captain Spanker, who had come to one of their parties and had asked her to dance twice.

A sharp altercation might have ensued had not Amelia Postlethwaite effected a diversion by asking her friends' opinion with regard to a choice between a long blue feather and a wreath of convolvuli for her new chip hat. This interesting and congenial subject put an end to bickerings and jealousies for the moment.

Letitia Lupton was in the room, but she did not join in the conversation; she scarcely listened indeed, not thinking the subject of any importance to her. She went on quietly with her work, leaving the others to have the talk to themselves.

Doctor Best soon made himself at home in Trumpington-cum-Sedgely, and became a general favorite. He was the life of the company wherever he went.

He discussed politics and agriculture with the men, told marvelous stories of adventure to the older ladies, and flirted with the young ones, though his attentions were so impartially divided that it would have been difficult for one of them to appropriate a particular word or look to herself. The only one with whom he never flirted was Letitia Lupton.

But, if, as the young ladies of Trumpington-cum-Sedgely whispered amongst themselves, Doctor Best did not think it worth while to take any notice of Letitia Lupton, she had found it impossible to remain indifferent to him.

She had been in the habit of meeting him at the Rectory and on his visits to the sick and poor; and here he had appeared a very different person from the Doctor Best of Trumpington-cum-Sedgely society.

Doctor Snoresby had lately been troubled with gout, and Letitia had been frequently at the Rectory, for the worthy Rector liked to have his young favorite to arrange his cushions and pour out his tea and cheer him with her lively talk. Somehow it happened that Doctor Best generally paid his visit while she was there, and these visits were frequently prolonged till it was time for Letitia to leave.

Then he would insist upon seeing her home, though she had no more scruples about crossing the churchyard at night than about walking up the High street in broad daylight. But, though Doctor Best's house lay quite in the opposite direction, he somehow made it out that his nearest way also lay across the churchyard.

The spring months had been fraught with peril to Letitia Lupton. She loved Doctor Best, though he had not yet been a year settled at Trumpington-cum-Sedgely—loved him with all the warmth and devotion of her heart. She was naturally reticent and undemonstrative, and she kept her secret well.

No one guessed she heard his footstep at a distance and would have recognized it anywhere. No one guessed that, when he passed the house, she stole up to her attic window and strained her eyes to catch the last glimpse of him. No one guessed that she had picked up a sprig of myrtle that he had carelessly thrown aside and had treasured it as something sacred.

Letitia told herself that she was quite content to go on loving him without any return, that it was impossible he should ever have a thought about her. But, as time passed, she grew thinner and paler and more silent, until Doctor Snoresby took alarm, and startled Lady Postlethwaite by the suggestion that Letitia wanted a change.

"The child is evidently ill," he said.

But Letitia would not admit that anything was the matter with her, and declared that she much preferred to remain at home.

The summer was at the height of its beauty; the corn was in the ear, and there were honeysuckle and wild clematis in all the hedge rows; the gardens were full of flowers and murmurous with the sound of bees. One day Lady Postlethwaite remembered that Doctor Best had promised to lend her a book containing recipes for making lavender and other scented waters.

He had been absent for a fortnight, and she knew he had returned, as she had seen him at a distance when she was out shopping. As no servant could be spared, Lady Postlethwaite desired Amelia to go to Doctor Best's to request the loan of the book.

"I, mamma?" exclaimed Amelia, blushing and looking conscious. "How can you think of asking me to go? How people would talk! Why can't you send Letitia?"

Therefore, Letitia being too insignificant a person for any one to think of talking about, the errand was transferred to her.

The girl would rather have put her hand into the fire than go; but, having been always in the habit of fulfilling her aunt's behests without question, and in this case being fearful of betraying herself by showing any reluctance, she put on her hat and set off without a word.

When she was quite sure that Doctor Best was out of the way, she had often lingered as she passed the iron gate. During the summer weather the front and back doors generally stood wide open, allowing a glimpse to be obtained of the luxuriant garden.

Letitia thought of it as of an earthly paradise from which she was for ever to remain excluded; for, on the occasion of Doctor Best's giving a strawberry party a few weeks before, Lady Postlethwaite had taken advantage of Letitia's having a slight cold to save herself the expense of a new dress for her niece, who was consequently left at home.

Now, for the first time, she was about to enter the charmed precincts. Her hand trembled as she opened the gate, and her heart throbbed painfully as she crossed the court and knocked at the door.

The page appeared in answer to the summons, and, on Letitia's inquiry for Doctor Best, the boy showed her into the drawing-room and left her, shutting the door.

Letitia glanced timidly round the room; it had every appearance of being fitted for a lady's habitation. By an easy chair was an open work box on a little ebonized table, and by the side of it a pair of small lavender kid gloves.

But the objects on the centre table soon absorbed Letitia's attention. On a salver were several slices of wedding cake, as if cut ready for distribution, and a silver card case lay just under her eyes. It bore a shield with the Doctor's well-known crest, and, beneath, a name engraved—"Helen Best."

The cause of Doctor Best's absence was thus clearly explained—he had gone to get married and had brought home a wife! The room seemed to swim before Letitia's eyes, and she clung to the back of a chair for support. She did not hear the door open, but a voice roused her and forced her to control herself.

"Master's compliments, and he hopes you will excuse him, miss," said the page; "he is very much engaged just now, but will send the book to-morrow. Mrs. Best is in the garden if you would like to see her," he added.

Letitia stammered some excuse and hastened from the house, truly thankful that she had escaped meeting Doctor Best till she should have had time to school herself into submission and composure.

How she reached home she scarcely knew. She fancied that every one she met looked at her and read her miserable secret.

After delivering Doctor Best's message to her aunt, she hurried upstairs, flung off her hat, and threw herself upon her bed, hiding her face in the pillow in an agony of grief and shame. She had often reflected over this the inevitable end; but, now that it was come, it seemed to be more than she could bear.

"If I might only have gone on loving him!" she moaned to herself. "But now it would be a sin, and there is nothing left for me in the world—nothing!"

It was long before the passion of grief had spent itself; but at last she rose wearily, as if months of pain and suffering had passed over her head since the morning.

She bathed her face to remove the traces of tears, and struggled bravely to recover her outward calmness. She paced up and down the room, her hands pressed to her temples, striving to think. Presently she stopped before the dressing-table, and from a dairy that lay there she took a dried sprig of myrtle and a few lines of Doctor Best's handwriting.

Shrinking with the remembrance that she had pressed them to her lips even while he was the husband of another, she tore them into fragments and scattered them out of the window.

And now she must go down-stairs, or she would be missed and questions might be asked. She must guard every look when all the town was talking of the event—as it would be on the morrow.

Her suffering no one must see, no one must know. She had promised Doctor Snoresby to spend the evening with him; she felt strongly tempted to plead a headache and send an excuse.

But no! She determined to take up her cross at once and, with Heaven's help, to endure as well as she could the trial that lay before her, saying to herself that perhaps by the time she became an old woman like Miss Blenkinsop she might have learned not to be so very unhappy.

Letitia kept to her determination and decided to fulfil her engagement; she even took special pains with her dress, fastening a pink ribbon at her throat in the hope that a little color might be reflected on her pale face.

She was in the act of pouring out Doctor Snoresby's tea when she heard a knock and then a footstep that set every nerve in a quiver, so that she nearly upset the cream jug. The next minute the servant announced "Doctor Best!"

The Doctor first greeted the Rector and inquired after his ailments, then turned to Letitia.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Miss Lupton," he said. "My stupid boy only told me that Lady Postlethwaite had sent for the book. I had no idea that it was you till I saw you going out at the gate. To tell the truth, I had just come in from a long ride and was indulging in a smoke."

Letitia murmured something of its not signifying, and tried to steady her hand as she gave him a cup of tea, wishing the while he would not talk to her.

"I did not know till this morning what errand it was you went upon from home;" observed Doctor Snoresby, with a jocular smile; "you were very close about it."

"I had no intention of being close about it," Doctor Best replied. "When I left home, I had no idea of the affair coming off so soon."

"Indeed? Well, I congratulate you and all concerned! I hope the union will be productive of much happiness," said Doctor Snoresby.

"Thank you! There is no need to fear, I think," answered Doctor Best, smiling.

"I hope Mrs. Best is aware that I am tied to my chair at present," Doctor Snoresby resumed, "or I should have given myself the pleasure of calling upon her at once."

"She is quite aware of it; she knows you are under the doctor's orders. Besides, she would not wish any friends to stand upon ceremony with her. I will bring her to see you if you will give me leave."

"I shall be delighted to be introduced to her!" returned the Doctor.

Every word seemed to smite Letitia's sore heart. She longed to cry aloud that she could not bear such torture, feeling all the while that she ought to make some remark upon what had happened, that Doctor Best would think her silence strange.

But she could not speak—no words would come; and her hands, clasped tightly on her knee, were as cold as stone. As a reprieve, she hailed the servant coming in to take away the tea-tray, for the two gentlemen dismissed their private affairs and began to discuss an article in the Quarterly Review. It she could only summon courage to bid Doctor Snoresby "Good night" and to go away!

"Doctor," said Doctor Snoresby suddenly. "I wish you would give a look to our young friend here. She is not at all the thing, and the obstinate child won't take care of herself."

Letitia wished she could have sunk into the earth. Doctor Best left his seat and took a chair beside her. She felt his eyes fixed on her face with the old look that had made her heart throb so often.

"Indeed I am quite well!" she stammered, with flushed cheeks and quivering lips. "There is nothing at all the matter with me; and—and I think I must be going home."

She rose as she spoke, and Doctor Best rose also.

"So must I," he said; "I can't play truant so often now that I have some one to look after me."

Hastily taking leave of her kind old friend, Letitia ran to the housekeeper's room, where she had left her hat; but there she lingered in order to give Doctor Best time to take his departure. It was in vain. On going through the hall, she found him there waiting for her. He drew her hand within his arm as they descended the steps together.

He pressed her arm close to his side as he led her away; she could not have withdrawn it without force. When they reached the short avenue that led from the Rectory gate to the church, he stopped her and, bending down, looked into her face.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in the tender tone she had heard so often.

"Has anything gone amiss and you have not told me? That is not right between friends; and we are friends—is it not so?"

"Oh, yes—certainly!" Letitia replied, in a choking voice.

"And I have one at home who will be a friend—one whom I want you to love, Letitia."

"Yes, I know," Letitia returned, trying to release her hand, which Doctor Best had now clasped in his.

How could he be so cruel? Why did he keep her there, driving her mad with his loving accents, and his wife waiting for him at home? Letitia felt as if in another minute she must die or else give way and betray all.

"She is prepared to love my little friend, because"—here Doctor Best drew his companion still closer to his side, bending till she felt his breath on her cheek—"because I have no secrets from her, and she knows how dear that little friend is to me and what is my fondest hope."

It was too much. With an effort Letitia disengaged herself from him and stepped aside, her bosom heaving, her whole frame quivering from agitation. She looked round in a frightened manner, as if about to fly, when Doctor Best detained her by laying his hand upon her arm.

"Letitia—Miss Lupton—don't tell me I have deceived myself!" he exclaimed, as much agitated as herself. "Don't leave me in this way! You must have seen, you must have known how I love you, Letitia—my heart's darling!"

Letitia could bear no more; she burst into tears.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" she cried. "What have I done that you should so insult me? What would your wife say if she heard you?"

"My wife!" exclaimed Doctor Best, in surprise; and then all at once her mistake dawned upon him. "I have no wife, my best beloved," he said, drawing her to him once more, "nor ever shall have unless you give me the right to call you by that dear name."

"But Mrs. Best?" Letitia faltered, scarcely knowing whether she was awake or dreaming.

"Is my dear and honored mother," he returned, "who is prepared to receive my darling as a dear daughter."

He clasped her to him, and she offered no resistance even when he kissed her upon the lips.

"So you thought it was I who was married?" he whispered. "But it was not I, but my only sister. My turn is to come. Oh, Letitia, how could you make such a mistake, you must have known it is you only I have loved all this time?"

Letitia's reply was audible only to the ears of her lover.

Instead of being unusually early, it was rather late when she reached home. She gave no hint of what had occurred, but, hastening to her room, poured out her heart in thanksgiving for the wonderful happiness that had come to her, and prayed fervently to be made worthy of so blessed a lot.

Great was Lady Postlethwaite's astonishment on the following morning when Doctor Best called and proposed in due form for the hand of her niece. Amelia went into hysterics when she heard the news, but recovered herself on reflecting that it was, at any rate, not upon Isabella or Barbara Sharples that the Doctor's choice had fallen, also that she would have some share in the wedding finery; so she congratulated Letitia with a tolerably good grace. Letitia however was far too happy to notice any shortcomings.

Doctor Best pressed for an early marriage, and, as there was no reason for any delay, the day was fixed for the anniversary of his arrival at Trumpington-cum-Sedgely. Lady Postlethwaite put forth all her endeavors to make the wedding a stylish affair, and thus Letitia was treated quite as if she was a niece of her own and a Crumpton.

ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

Like everything, humanly speaking, the wedding-ring has had its changes, notably in the "Fleet marriages" of London. On the suppression of these, in the middle of the last century, commenced what were called "Gretna Green marriages." The official who performed these ceremonies was of different vocations—sometimes a blacksmith.

One of them, on being interrogated by counsel as to his mode of procedure, replied:—

"I first ask them if they are single persons; I then ask the man, 'Do you take this woman for your wife?' He says, 'Yes.' Then I ask the woman, 'Do you take this man for your lawful husband?' She says, 'Yes.' I then say, 'Put on the ring,' and add, 'the thing is done. The marriage is complete.'"

The blessing of the wedding-ring is of ancient origin. The heathenish origin; as it was termed, of the wedding-ring led to the abolition of its use during the Commonwealth; this idea of heathenish origin being derived from the supposition that the ring was regarded as a kind of charm, and had been introduced in imitation of the ring worn by bishops. The Puritan scruples against its use were much criticised.

The lettering of the earliest motto-rings is the peculiar neat character which came into use under Diocletian. The mottoes are, for the most part, appropriate for New Year's gifts or birthday presents; here are a few examples: "Long life to thee, Acacius." "May'st thou live many years, Marcinus," "Prosper Eusebius."

A frequent one indicates a keepsake on departure: "Remember me, my pretty sweetheart." This bears the device of a hand pinching an ear, the seat of memory according to the then popular notion.

Within the hoop of the betrothal ring in the sixteenth century it became customary to inscribe a motto or "posy" (posie).

Some of these inscriptions are very appropriate and tender; others are quaint and whimsical. Burke states that Lady Catheart, on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh MacGuire, had inscribed on her wedding ring: "If I survive I will have five.

In 1614 a collection of posies was printed, with the title, "Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs and Gloves, and such pretty Tokens as Lovers send their Loves."

Henry VIII. gave Anne of Cleves a ring with the posy, "God send me well to kepe"—a most unpropitious one, for the king expressed his dislike for her soon after the marriage.

The matrimonial gemmal or gemmow ring dates from the fifteenth century. It is composud of double hoops; each hoop is usually surmounted by a hand raised somewhat above the circle, and when the hoops are brought together the hands clasp each other.

The device of clasped hands originated with the ancient Romans. Sometimes the links are triple or even more complicated.

With the Germans the turquoise is still the favorite gem for the engagement ring; the permanence of its color being believed to depend on the constancy of affection.

As this stone is almost as liable to change as the heart itself, the omen it gives is verified with sufficient frequency to maintain its reputation for infallibility. "Regard rings," of French origin, were common during the last century.

They were thus named from the initials of the stones forming a word. Thus, lapis lazuli, opal, vered antique, emerald represent love, and for me malachite and emerald.

The Prince of Wales, on his marriage, gave Princess Alexandra a ring set with stones, expressing his name Bertie—beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth, emerald.

Madame Barrera is responsible for the following assertion in her book on precious stones:

"In some centuries rings have been made love's telegraph; thus: if a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and if he never intends to marry, on the fourth. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on the finger; if engaged on the second; if married on the third, and on the fourth, if she intends to die a maid. As no rules are given for widows, it is presumed that the ornamenting of the right hand and the little finger of the left is exclusively their prerogative."

One of the most singular usages in which a ring has been employed was the annual celebration at Venice of the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic. This custom is said to date from the era of Pope Alexander III. and the Doge of Venice, in the twelfth century.

This prince having, on behalf of the pontiff, attacked the hostile fleet of Frederick Barbarossa, and obtained a complete victory, with the capture of the emperor's son, Otho, the pope, in grateful acknowledgment, gave him a ring ordaining that henceforth and forever, annually, the governing Doge should with a ring espouse the sea. The pontiff promised that the bride should be obedient and subject to his sway as a wife to her husband. This ceremony is said to have been performed for the first time in 1177; some authorities give the date as 1174.

An Italian legend asserts, as an omen of the downfall of the Venetian republic, that the ring cast into the Adriatic by the Doge was once found in a fish that was served up at his table a year afterwards.

"Fish and ring" stories abound in almost every country. Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," relates that in the middle of the seventeenth century, a gentleman dropped a ring from his hand over a bridge into the Tyne; years afterwards his wife bought a fish in the market and the ring was found in it.

The ancient Indian drama of "Sacontala" has an incident of this character. Perhaps more of these tales are true than some of us would believe, for it is an undeniable fact that fish—especially the mackerel—greedily swallow any glittering object dropped into the water.

Among the varied uses to which rings have been applied may be mentioned what were called "Meridians." These were astronomical rings, now superseded by more exact instruments. In the French "Encyclopedie" will be found an account of the solar ring which showed the hour by means of a small perforation, this which passed a ray of the sun.

Scientific and Useful.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—An excellent substitute for coal is now being made in Sweden. It is composed of wood charcoal and coal tar. A paste of these substances is made, which is run through a press.

THE PHONOTELEMETER.—A watch has invented which measures distance by sound. The inventor has called the instrument a phonotelemeter, from the Greek words for sound, far and measure. To operate it, a little button is pressed at the instant of the flash, and again at the sound. In the meantime a needle traverses a dial, registering time to the one-tenth part of a second. The rest is a mere matter of calculation.

NO FLAME REQUIRED.—Dynamite can now be fired by the use of water. A sensitive detonator, which ignites at the temperature of boiling water, is placed in contact with the charge of dynamite and round it is placed a layer of lime, which, in turn, is surrounded by a piece of lamp-wick. When the whole arrangement is sunk to the bottom of a boring, the wick absorbs water from the surrounding earth and thus conveys it to the lime. Of course the lime gets hot and heats the detonator. And in half a minute after reaching bottom, the dynamite does its work. The great advantage of this means of producing the explosion is that there is no flame required.

Several years ago my brother contracted a severe Cold, which resulted in Pneumonia. Being far removed from any physician, he purchased a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, and after taking a few doses began to improve and was encouraged to keep on with the medicine until he had used two bottles, when he was completely cured. HE BELIEVES THE EXPECTORANT WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF SAVING HIS LIFE. —J. N. FRENCH, Evangelist, Palestine, Texas, Nov. 18, 1890.

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On Self-Depreciation.

There is a form of candor cultivated by many people which consists of calling attention to their own faults and ignoring their good qualities. Being possessed of a weakness, they go about among their friends and acquaintances, saying, "See that weakness!" Everybody has a more and a less sightly side; and the people of whom we write always turn their less sightly side to the world. Nor does their candor stop at the public exhibition of their failings; they are constantly holding private seances, at which they examine and dwell upon their physical or mental or moral malformations with mixed pain and pleasure. The pain arises from a recognition of imperfection, the pleasure from what appears to them to be their super-honesty in hiding this fact from themselves and others.

There are of course the self-depreciators, who are simply "fishing for compliments." Their method is to condemn what they consider to be their strongest qualities, in order to draw from their audience a refutation of their strictures on themselves. They find fault with their looks, knowing themselves to be handsome, or they blame their dulness, believing themselves to be quick-witted. By so doing they hope to be tickled with the delights of strong denials, which those versed in the ways of the world will refuse, for discipline's sake, to give them. Purposeful self-depreciation is not a very subtle role to assume, and it seldom repays the labor bestowed upon it. For this reason perhaps it is not very widely practised, except in the simplicity of childhood, when its sheer artlessness earns its reward.

The ordinary self-depreciator is not however of so calculating a mind. We must give him the fullest credit for honest intentions, but we may at the same time doubt the honesty of the results. And we must not confine our attention too much to the man or woman who depreciates himself or herself by words. There is a form of under-estimating oneself which goes beyond the mere statement of fact. The over-sensitive man who feels that a superior value is being attached to any one of his attainments will often try to live down instead of living up to his reputation. Here we see the folly of the situation at its highest. For, as a rule, a reputation is not held without some cause; and it is no business of ours, if such a reputation is over-valued, deliberately to set ourselves to discard it altogether. Yet such is the sensitiveness that affects some scrupulously honest people that they would almost rather lose the credit of their good qualities than have them exaggerated.

Let it not be thought that, in condemning self-depreciation, we are commending self-glorification. Of the two, the former is no doubt the less objectionable. But it is essentially "bad form" to talk either disparagingly or flatteringly of oneself, except in a casual way. Yet it is often the desire to avoid what is commonly called egotism that leads men into the paths of this false humility.

"Know thyself" may be a good maxim, but it is an almost impossible one in the majority of cases. With many of our qualities we are familiar, but we are none the less unable to sum up our characters correctly. Are we not torn with doubt and suspicion about ourselves—unless we happen to be comfortably self-complacent? One day perhaps we feel that we are strong in this—another day we feel that it is our weakest spot. To-day we are proud of our accomplishment in one direction—to-morrow we shall be ashamed to confess to ourselves that we ever had a pride in so poor a quality. And, with some of us—with many of us indeed—is not the pain caused by the recognition of our weakness greater than the pleasure derived from the knowledge that we are the possessors of sundry advantages? So that, when we have once brought ourselves to see that we have faults which are not easily avoided, we lead a life of intermittent discomfort in the belittlement of ourselves. That this ought to be the case few will affirm.

To be haunted by our defects and to close our eyes to our merits is to court unhappiness and depression of spirit. The humility of mind which makes you rank yourself always a little lower than your neighbors is hardly the kind of humility which the soundest philosophers would preach. If you are to know yourself, you must know your good qualities as well as your bad qualities. Of course good breeding will not allow you to dangle them before the eyes of others whom you know to be less fortunate, but you can none the less recognize them in yourself.

There is, we are sure, a widespread creed which teaches a mock humility, though it does not call it by that name. Its teaching is that you should count all your virtues as dross and magnify your weaknesses. But such a process impairs your usefulness and true value. One might take a lesson from the commercial world. What would be the result of an application for a position of trust which set forth all the writer's weaknesses, and hurried over his good points? The folly of the method is more apparent here, but we do not know that it is less real. If we have skeletons in the cupboard, we need not call a general parade of them for the benefit of our friends. Honesty does not demand that we should take care that everybody knows of our weaknesses. The world at large, which is largely governed by the same principles as the commercial world, has a strong tendency to take us at our own valuation; and we should endeavor to let our valuation be as true as possible. It is not necessary that we should suppress our true emotions, and try to appear cold and cynical lest any one should suspect us of an excessive amount of sentiment.

As a matter of comfort both to ourselves and to our neighbors, it is well that, while we avoid arrogance as a deadly sin, we should also avoid the hypocritical and humble self-abasement which is painful for all concerned. If a scolding parent is a nuisance to a social circle, a self-scolder is equally a nuisance. And let it be remembered that self-scolding does not take the form of words only. A man may depreciate himself in silence as well as in speech, and he is doing himself an injustice when, through morbid introspection, he places himself on a lower level than that which his merits entitle him to occupy.

IT is perhaps a hackneyed suggestion that we might make our lives simpler and our wants fewer, and thus reduce many of the troubles which now vex and harass us. It is true we can no longer lead the artless and irresponsible life of the child; but it is for each one to consider for himself whether some of the troubles which now distress him do not spring from sources which he is well able to remove. If what a reasonable estimate pronounces to be superfluous in our lives—i. e., productive of but little good to ourselves or others—were to be resolutely cut off, we should experience a lifting of burdens and a decrease of care that would go far to render life happier, stronger, and more valuable.

SOCIAL life is a response to character. The selfish man is convinced of the selfishness of his neighbors, while the generous man sees only their kindliness. The cold heart thinks that humanity is barren of affection, while the loving spirit finds it overflowing all around him. Deceit is ever distrustful, while sincerity extends the cordial grasp of confidence. The passionate meet with violence, and the rude with rudeness, while the gentle and courteous rejoice in the gentleness and courtesy extended to them. Each quality has a magnetic attraction by which it draws out its like in others, the bad eliciting what is bad, the good and pure drawing out and developing goodness and purity.

IF there is anything certain, it is that no intelligent person will retain all the same views at thirty that he held at twenty, or retain those at fifty that he held at thirty. Nor are these mental variations to be deplored. Emerson says, "Why should you keep your head over your shoulder, lest you contradict something you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself—what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day."

THE love that prompts two trusting hearts to leave all else and to count the whole world well lost if only they can have each other and live in the light of their own devotion and the sunshine of their own smiles is beyond all price. Many a home has been founded with nothing but love for its basis; and those who know whereof they speak will certainly not hazard the opinion that they could have chosen any better material of which to compose these temporal and spiritual dwellings.

DRUDGERY is inseparable from labors of intellectual research and the efforts of moral improvement. It is the test of faculty, the price of knowledge, the matter of duty; and from the agent's own soul must come the spark and breath that turn it from cold fuel into living fire. Can he not find it and send it forth? Then the stuff is not in him that will make him either the true scholar or the Christian man.

TRY to keep clear of prejudice, and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks upon your mind. The man is either clever beyond precedent or weak beyond measure who never sees reasons to change his judgment of men and things.

A WISE man will desire no more than what he may obtain justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

Correspondence.

Mrs. C. B. H.—The chances are that we may publish other stories by the author about whom you inquire.

P. M. E.—The term "chamber music" is used to distinguish between music written for church or theatre and music specially fitted for performance in a small room.

M. M.—"Dowry" and "Dower" are quite different, though often confounded; the former is the marriage portion brought by a wife to her husband; dower, is the portion of her husband's lands, etc., to which a wife is entitled on his death.

WHITE.—In the phrase, "Mas'r Davy, bor," in "David Copperfield," "bor" is a familiar term of address in Norfolk to a lad or young fellow, and means "sir." It is from the Dutch boer, "a farmer." "Mor" is the Dutch moer, "a female," and is used in the same way.

LILY.—Should a man say, "I am much pleased to have met you," you need not say anything in reply; only smile, and give a slight bow in acknowledgment of the polite observation. A keeper-ring is one designed to secure the safety of a wedding-ring, which might fall off.

G. R. L.—No well-bred man will enter a lady's house unless invited to do so; consequently, one who deliberately walks in with the lady he has escorted home, should devote some of his leisure moments to the study of social etiquette before again venturing forth into polite society.

JOSIE.—Casual acquaintances made in a ball-room or dancing-school do not extend beyond the special occasion on which they are formed. The gentleman would have no right to lift his hat or converse with the lady who had on a former occasion honored him by becoming his partner in a dance.

D. B. L.—The term kotou is the Chinese for making an obeisance. From this is derived that which is in common use in English, "kow-tow," but employed in a sense of unworthy and obsequious behavior, undignified and self interested in the person who performs it; what we call toadying.

L. S. M.—There are no "rules" for winning a lover. Men differ too greatly for any such rules to be of value. Study his character and try to conform to his ideal of a woman. Do not show an over-anxiety to please. Be "sweet," but also self-respecting. No man esteems a woman who throws herself at his feet.

M. M.—The smoking of tobacco was according to some authorities, practised by the Chinese at a very early date, but this claim has never been fully substantiated. Columbus discovered the West Indians indulging in the practice, and it has been prevalent from unknown antiquity among the American Indians as far north as Canada.

E. L. S.—In every card game, when a pack of cards is discovered to be incorrect, the following general rule comes into operation: "If a pack is discovered to be incorrect, redundant, or imperfect, the deal in which the discovery is made is void. All preceding deals stand good." A full pack consists of 52 cards—four suits of thirteen each—and never more than that number except when that modern innovation, the joker, is employed, which of course increases the number to 53.

M. B.—Sir Samuel Cunard, the founder of the famous line of ocean steamers bearing his name, was born in 1787, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father, a French-Canadian, had settled. Early in life he became a successful merchant and shipowner. He had long thought of establishing a line of steamers between England and America and having obtained a contract from the English government for the mail service, built four steamers. The first passage was that of the Britannia, in 1840. He was made a baronet in 1859, and died, April 28, 1865.

LAURENCE.—The Prince Murat who is said to have lived and died in Florida, was the son of Joachim Murat—a chief of secret police, who married Napoleon Bonaparte's youngest and prettiest sister Caroline, and was made King of Naples by his brother-in-law the emperor. He ascended the throne of Naples as Joachim Napoleon. His son Achille fled to Florida after his father was shot, and married a grand-niece of General Washington's. He was a good-hearted, intelligent, but very eccentric person. One of his peculiarities was that he hated water like a goat, and would never wash himself of his own accord. It is said his wife stationed a strong negro at his bed to fall upon him with a wet cloth and wash his face as soon as he opened his eyes.

P. P.—We do not agree with you. Your objection to convictions on circumstantial evidence are not sound. It is true that there are instances on record in which men have been wrongfully condemned and punished on circumstantial evidence. But, on the other hand, there have been many instances in which the lives of men have been sworn away by the testimony of perjured wretches who pretended to have been eye-witnesses of the crimes charged in the indictments. And everybody familiar with such matters knows that it is easier to procure the testimony of perjured witnesses than it is to deceive and mislead courts and juries with unsound circumstantial evidence; or, in other words, that it is safer to rely on the evidence of a series of occurrences for which the reason of man can find but one solution, than upon the oaths of two or three men who may possibly have an interest in the conviction and death of the prisoner on trial.

UNANSWERED.

BY E. B.

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known,
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done' sometime, somewhere!

His Word Fulfilled.

BY E. B. F.

YOU don't believe in that sort of thing? said my friend, the mining engineer. Well, I'm not altogether with you there. Not that I profess to explain these phenomena, mind you. On my word, I think there was never a time at which a man need show himself to be more careful and less presuming and confident than at the close of this nineteenth century.

Something behind all this, eh?

Well, yes, there is; though I should not have thought of it just now if you hadn't recalled it by talking of that case of telepathy. That's a new word since I went to school, by the way, an instance bearing on what I said just now. We're not all cast in the same mould, I know: there's no man more willing to admit that than I am; and this everyday world of ours clamors for so much of our time and attention that some of us have little thought or leisure, as a rule, for things lying outside of its sphere.

But I've a notion that, no matter how immersed and engrossed a man may be with the pressing claims of this money-getting, blood-and-brain-grinding world there comes to him somewhere and somewhen in his life, a breath from somewhere beyond, what you might call a waft or a whisper from the other world. Laugh at it if you like, it's a theory founded on observation, at any rate. Well, now for my story. By the way, what I've to tell you didn't take place here, but in Spain.

Spain?

Ah, now you prick up your ears. Romance on foot, I suppose you think. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but there's nothing of the kind. I didn't go to the Peninsula to pick up romances. I went to earn my bread at the Rio Tinto mines, down at Huelva.

You see, I was a young chap then, and shy, with a hang-in-the-background sort of way about me, and I didn't care to chum up overmuch with the engineers and the rest of the staff. Ferguson, the chief, was as good-hearted a fellow as you'd wish to see; but he had a great notion of keeping us youngsters in our places.

Now I didn't want to talk shop: out of sight, then out of mind, was my motto as far as the mines were concerned; I didn't see the fun, after being stived up in the mine all the blessed day, of wagging my tongue about it all night; and as I'd a precious rather be on the earth than in it, I spent my Sundays and leisure time generally in long solitary rambles in the surrounding country. The peasantry round soon got to know me, and I to know them—what's more, to like them.

I seldom passed a house without being given door and chair, that's to say, without an invitation to come in and sit down, of which I was seldom slow to avail myself.

Well, one afternoon—a Sunday it was—I had started off on a long tramp, intending to call at the farmhouse of a certain Diego Sordo, a friend of mine, and finish the evening there. Yes, he had a pretty daughter, but that fact was nothing to me. Marta Sordo was engaged to a young Juan Hermoso, the best-looking lad in the district, and never gave two thoughts to your humble servant, and I —well, whatever else I might be, I wasn't the fellow to try to cut in between two happy young lovers and try to spoil sport.

I had got well-nigh to the end of my walk, when I caught the sound of a queer dull noise, repeated at intervals, and coming from beyond a massive shoulder of rock that blocked the view to the left. There were goats about in swarms, and I took it to be nothing else than the clashing of the horns of a brace of billies having a set-to on their own account. Ever seen two goats fight? Well, it's a curious sight; there's something scientific in the way they go about it.

Thinking I might as well see the fun, I went out of my way and rounded a rock, and you can judge what kind of a surprise I got when instead of a couple of he-goats, I came upon two men fighting.

Jove! how they went at it! tooth and nail, I was going to say, only it was worse than that. No good honest bout with fisticuffs this, but a regular set-to with knives with blades as long as your hand, straight-backed, and with the blade sloping, so; and an ugly thing it looks as the sun catches it, and you fancy it looks keen for your heart's blood. They practise the use of them, I am told, so they ought to be able to handle them fairly well; and to judge by the play these two made, I should say there's no doubt of it.

An ugly sight it was to see those two fellows going at it in that lonely hollow, silently, with not a sound but the hard breathing, the noise of his feet as they shifted ground, and now and then a grating jar that made my blood run cold as steel struck hard on steel.

I couldn't see the face of the one with his back towards me, but I knew the other at once. A big, muscular ruffian, with a phiz that a satyr might have been proud to own, and to look on it just then made me shiver. He'd got a touch on the forehead, and the blood trickling down made him look none the prettier; but I don't mean that.

I'd never seen such a look of concentrated hate and revenge on the face of man before, and I knew, just as well as if he'd shouted it in my ear, that, whatever the other might mean, this one, at any rate, meant death.

You can guess I didn't stand there long looking at them; I wasn't going to see two fellows make mincemeat of each other without having a say in the matter, and I let no grass grow under my feet as I ran towards them, whipping out my revolver—a handy little weapon which I never stirred without—as I ran.

But, hard though I laid foot to the ground, I was too late. Whether my shout startled him and made him lose his nerve for an instant, or whether he set foot on a loose stone, I don't know, but the one with his back towards me, whose face I had never seen, staggered a pace or two backwards and went down like a ninepin.

T'other brute was on top of him in a moment, and my heart jumped and I couldn't see straight exactly as his arm came up and the dull blue blade gleamed in his hand before it went down and disappeared.

For the life of me I durstn't fire, lest I should hit the other, but I crammed on the pace all I knew how. Up came the arm again for another stroke. This time, to my fancy, the blade shone red, and I thought the other was a goner. But in that space of time I'd made good running, and just as the scoundrel was bringing down his arm for a second time, the gleam in his eyes showing worse than the knife, he caught sight of the muzzle of my little revolver looking at him, heard it bark, and felt the bullet graze his hair as I risked all and let fly.

He couldn't stand that. He was on his feet immediately, and running like a greyhound for cover. I just snapped another cartridge after him, by way of lending additional wings to his heels, and then I stooped down to see to the other.

He was only a youngster, not more than eighteen, or nineteen at the outside, and I couldn't help thinking, as I went down on one knee beside him, how his mother would have felt to see him lying there white and still. Dead, too, as I thought, for his jacket and shirt were full of blood to the left, and I made no doubt that the knife, aimed for his heart, had reached its mark.

I never remember feeling more glad in my life than when I'd got at the wound and found that the knife had merely glanced off the ribs, having done no mortal damage, as far as I could tell. I'd had no ambulance training, but there are worse teachers than common sense at times, and unnerved though I felt —for I'd seen nothing of this sort before, mind you—I kept my wits about me, and did my best.

I staunched the bleeding as well as I could, bound up the wound, getting off the colored sash he wore round his waist and using it for a bandage, and then I began to wonder what I was to do next.

There was no good shouting, the house was too far away, and I might have yelled myself hoarse without anything hearing me except goats and cows, or, maybe, a fox or two. I dare not leave him lying there, either, while I ran to get help. For all I knew, yon ruffian might be lurking close at hand, and I'd seen enough to know that he'd have no scruples as regarded coming back to finish his work.

There was only one way, and I had to take it. I'm six foot now, you'll observe, and although no more than two-and-twenty at the time, I was no less then, and broad in proportion. The lad was slightly built, and, to judge by the look of him, not much of a weight, so I got my arms under him and heaved him up without more ado.

Poor lad! He moaned piteously as I lifted him, and I dreaded, in spite of all my plugging and bandaging, to see the wound break out again before my eyes. But there was no help for it.

Somehow I couldn't, for the life of me, get rid of the notion of that blackguard's coming up behind with swift, noiseless footsteps to plant his knife anongside my backbone, and every now and then I kept facing sharply round with the senseless boy in my arms, to make sure that he was not dogging me. How I thanked Heaven for that revolver during the bad quarter of an hour spent between you hollow and the farmhouse.

I shouted loud enough to wake the dead as soon as I got within hail, and Diego Sordo himself, with his daughter, her lover and one or two of the servants, came crowding out one after the other, thinking the world was coming to an end.

What they must have thought when they saw me coming staggering up the slope, with an apparently dead man in my arms—for, by the way his head lay back on my shoulder, you'd have taken him for that—and with blood-stains all over my clothes, I don't know and didn't care either.

Between the exertion and the excitement I was about done for; and heartily glad was I to see young Juan Hermoso clear the hedge of prickly pear at a leap, and come speeding down the slope like a roebuck to meet me.

"Mercy on us!" cried he the moment he clapped eyes on the youngster, "it is Alvaro Desmayo!"

"You know him then?" I gasped as well as I could speak for panting.

"Yes, senor, well. I know the meaning of this, too," he added, looking at the unconscious lad more closely. "You have done bravely, senor; allow me to assist you now."

Diego and his daughter had come up by this time, and the latter at a word from her father, sped back to the house to warn her mother and to prepare a bed for the wounded lad, whom her lover and his prospective parent carried between them. I was only too glad to resign him to them, for I can tell you I had had about enough.

There had been no woman in the case, it appeared, from what I learned from Juan. There always is, of course; but this time, for a wonder, it was not jealousy. Alvaro Desmayo had a sister, and the ruffian who had so nearly made an end of him just now had offered the girl an insult so bitter that no fellow with the feelings of a man would have thought for a moment of allowing it to pass. The sympathies of Marta's lover were on his side, of course; and I needn't say that mine ranged themselves alongside as soon as I knew the rights of the case. I didn't blame him, not a bit; and right glad was I when, an hour or so later, I was told that the patient was conscious, and anxious to see and speak to the brave gentleman who had saved his life.

One's inclined to fancy, you know, when one hears of two fellows fighting to the death with knife-blades, that there must be something tigerish about them. I don't know how it might be with Pepe Tuerto—this ruffian was well named, by the way—but there was nothing tigerish about Alvaro Desmayo. After all, we've our way of doing things, and they've theirs; and, for all I know, the notion of setting to with one's fists might suggest gorillas to them.

He was only a lad, as I said, and a handsome lad, too, now that the blood-stains were gone and I'd time to look at him; indeed, so delicate and finely-cut were his features, and so slight his make, that when he glanced up at me from the pillow, I'm blessed if I didn't think at the first look that the soft dark eyes, bordered with lashes close on half an inch long, were those of a young girl. I saw my mistake in a moment, of course: his features might be delicate, but there was nothing effeminate about him. They had put him to bed, and Diego Sordo, who knew something about surgery, had dressed the ugly wound in his side, so that he was fairly comfortable; but he had lost a lot of blood and could scarcely speak.

He looked up at me and his eyes did his tongue's work for him; and I—well, when I saw him like that, remembered the ghastly wound I'd seen, that had so nearly let his life out, and knew that it had been all for the sake of his sister, I—I—well, by Jove, I could do nothing but think of mine, and stand there looking like a great baby, gripping his slender olive fingers a good deal harder than I meant to, and grinning like an ape, just because the confounded tears were so nearly running over.

But he never winced, only smiled. He didn't say much, good reason why: he was too weak. However, I understood that he wished to thank me with all his heart for the service I had done him, and to place himself at my disposal for the rest of his life.

I didn't take much notice of that, for, you see, the very first thing etiquette enjoins on a Spaniard is to place himself, his house and family, at your disposal. But Alvaro was evidently in earnest this time, for the blood came up over his olive face, and he murmured a word or two that I did not catch, and then traced on the counterpane the sign of the cross with his delicate fingers.

Juan, who was standing by, told me afterwards, when he was walking back with me to Rio Tinto, that Alvaro had sworn on the cross to serve me whenever I should have need of him.

He had a hard time of it, poor lad, from what I could find out. Fever set in, and he had a stiff fight to pull through. I used to come up now and again to ask after the boy; I could not see him, and they told me at last that he was mending and his strength coming back.

As for Pepe Tuerto, he took French leave and we were no more troubled with him at Rio Tinto. I didn't stay there much longer myself, for I was sent home on business long before Alvaro Desmayo's wound had skinned over, or he himself was about again; and although I heard incidentally from time to time that he was going on well, I never saw him again living. I had no more to do with Spain for six or eight years; and this time the contract I was working on took me up north to superintend the working of a copper mine not far from the southern slopes of the Pyrenees.

That's the first part of my story. Now for the second.

It was a different climate and a different country up north, I can tell you. Down in Andalusia snow had been an unknown quantity, but up on the slopes of the Pyrenees we had more than enough of it.

The people in that part of the country were not over-reputable, as a whole; take it all in all the district had a bad name. There's no good denying that when sitting there alone at night, the thought of a surprise by half a dozen armed ruffians and of being flung, living or dead, down the open mouth of the shaft, would come over me, I needed to summon all the nerve I'd got to induce myself to stop another night in the place.

I didn't so much mind the wolves; they were cowardly brutes, and I had good allies in the shape of a brace of revolvers, and a friend on whom I could rely to the last gasp: my dog. Know the breed? They use them to guard the sheep and cattle, not unlike a St. Bernard, great, powerful brutes, with a grip like a bull-dog's.

My dog—Toro I called him, partly because the village he came from bore that name, partly, too, because his big, massive head and curly front always put me in mind of a polled bull owned by my father—was game any day of his life to settle the biggest dog-wolf ever whelped; and he'd done it, too. So, as I say, I cared little for the wolves. But the human wolves! Well, Toro could do his part there, too; and he was a friend on whom bribery and corruption were

thrown away. But still, as I told you, I didn't half like it, more particularly on the nights before pay-day, when all my hands had gone down to the village for the night, and I found myself with not a soul near me, in yon lonely shanty close to the mouth of the yawning shaft, with thousands of dollars in specie in the safe, no company but a dog, and the half-mile of forest that lay between me and human companionship swarming with wolves, and possibly with worse.

The last night I ever spent there alone was a stormy one. The wind had been high all day, but it increased towards nightfall, and roared in the pine-trees like demons broken loose. Next day was pay-day, I'd a cool thousand in silver locked up in my safe, and I felt, as I always did on such nights, the responsibility strongly.

On that night I could not rest. I've heard people talk of presentiments, and to me there's nothing strange in them. Why should not some secret and sensitive part of our being detect and foresee danger, and do its best to warn the individual?

I had books, but I couldn't read them, letters to write home, but I couldn't give my mind to them; and I spent most of the evening pacing up and down the length of my little cabin. It was a small place, twelve by nine feet or so, with the door and window at one end, and the fireplace at the other.

On one side of the hearth was my bed, on the other my arm-chair. I never sat in front of the fire; I never fancied turning my back on the door; and my desk, chair, and the safe behind them occupied the corner directly opposite to it, giving me a full view of whoever entered, while Toro lay before the fire like a slumbering bullock.

Now and then he'd cock one ear and listen in his dreams, as a weird howl from the forest sounded nearer than usual, but for the most part he lay motionless, toasting his huge side and snoring audibly. I've spanned that dog as he lay: he touched over six feet from nose to tail; and when he stood up on his hind-legs he could put a paw on each of my shoulders and lick my face without stretching his neck.

"Dick Cameron, my lad, you're a fool and a nervous idiot," I said to myself at last, finding that the unaccountable restlessness showed no signs of diminishing. "Get to bed, you duffer, and sleep it off."

I looked to the fastening of the door, made up the fire, laid matches and the brace of barkers close to my hand, patted and spoke to the dog, and threw myself on the bed, taking off nothing but my coat and hoping that the next thing of which I should be conscious would be morning looking in at the window.

The key of the safe and one or two other valuables nothing ever induced me to part with, and I always carried 'em in a belt round my waist. My restlessness seemed to have communicated itself to Toro, for he refused to lie down, stalking round the room and sniffing in every corner, and at last, when he got tired of that, evincing a disposition to share my bed.

On one occasion, when my stock of firewood had given out, and the frost had laid its icy fingers on me, he had lain at my back all night, and the heat of his huge frame had kept the life in me. But I didn't want him that time, so I kicked him off, ordering him to lie down, and he subsided on the hearth like a moderate-sized lion.

I don't know what roused me, but I started suddenly wide awake. The fire lay a hot and glowing heap beyond the bars, by which I concluded that some hours had passed in the interval, and the shadows hung black and mysterious all round the place. For an instant I did not see the dog, then a low, savage growl drew my attention in the direction of the door.

There he stood, his nose close to the foot of it, his huge tail waving backwards and forwards, every hair on his body on end with excitement, while he kept up a fierce, deep monotone of a growl. I was on my feet in an instant, gripping with each hand at a revolver, just as my ears caught the faint sound of stealthy footsteps on the snow outside.

Wolves! Yes, my lad, but the human ones! As I'm here, living before you, I tell you I could hear the low-toned voices without. In that one moment I had made up my mind what to do.

Door and window were in close contact. Toro would keep the one—I could trust him for that—and I turned to guard the other. It was barred across, and could hold its own, and I swung round to drag the desk forward, intending to make that barricade the door still further. In that instant, as I turned, I saw that I was not alone. On the hearth, his back to the fire, stood the figure of a man.

How or by what means he had entered, I know not, but he was there. The red glow of the fire outlined the tall figure, dark, motionless, and erect. For an instant, utterly taken by surprise, I stood staring, forgetful, in my complete amazement, of the threatening danger without. Then remembrance came back, and I started forward. Had one of them, by some means of which I was ignorant, already forced his way in? At the same moment the fire, leaping into a sudden blaze, irradiated my visitant from head to foot. . . . As I live, it was Alvaro Desmayo!

The same as when I had last seen him, allowing for the difference that eight years had wrought on him by changing the lad into a man. He was wrapped in a long dark cloak, the upper part flung round his face so that his mouth was concealed—but all that I could see of him told me that he was Desmayo, and no other. I should have known his profile anywhere. I sprang forward, holding out an eager hand and calling him by name.

He neither spoke nor stirred. I was going to say he did not look at me, only that I caught the gleam of his eyes fixed on me with a strange, mournful intensity, which yet had something repelling in it, and checked my advance, I hardly knew why. One would have thought that the frost had got into the cabin; for the air had grown suddenly cold, and the strange thing was that the icy chill seemed to emanate from the glowing fire.

Till that moment I had forgotten Toro. But now, the fear strong on me that the great brute, savage as a lion with strangers, might spring on Desmayo unaware, I sewing round, seized the animal by the collar, and turning his head in the direction of the fire, dragged him forward, pointing to the dark, shadowy figure. I meant him to understand that the stranger was a friend.

What did the dog do? I'll tell you. The great beast, capable of worrying the life out of a man as easily as I would kill a kitten, dropped his tail between his legs and rushed backwards, his eyes starting from his head, until the door brought him up short, and he sank to the floor, crouching and whining in mortal fear.

Then, for the first time, the conviction no mortal presence stood there came over me. The air of the cabin struck like death on my face and hands, my skin crept, and I felt the hair suddenly bristle on my scalp.

Toro had dragged me back with him to the end of the place; his huge bulk lay against the heavy door, and I, beneath the window, could plainly hear the sounds from outside.

The steady, cat-like footsteps were close up to the shanty now; only a few inches of plank lay between the threatening danger and myself. I could hear the voices, even distinguish a word or two, ominous in their significance: "The dog—alone—the window!"

They were evidently reconnoitring. I could hear the hard breathing now, then a scraping noise on the boards told me what they were about, and presently a face, ghastly in the uncertain light, showed at the window above my head, the eyes looking towards the further end where my bed stood. Opposite to the window, the outline of the dark figure thrown into strong relief against the lurid light beyond, stood that motionless visitant.

The face disappeared, and through the planks came a low, scared whisper: "He is not alone; there is another." Then an unbroken silence. Heaven knows how long we kept that awful vigil, the dog, myself, and that unknown presence by the fire. It lasted until a low murmur succeeded to the dead silence, and then the footsteps died away on the snow.

The morning light was pouring into the shanty, when I was roused by the dog licking my face, and I lifted my head to find myself lying on the floor beneath the window, while my foreman, just come up from the village, was hammering outside with all his might and shouting to me at the pitch of his voice to know if anything was wrong.

He stared at me when I unbarred the door and let him in, declaring that I looked as if I had seen a spirit. I told him shortly that I had been pretty nearly made a spirit of, at any rate, and without more words sent him packing for the police.

Yes, the blackguards were taken, and one of them, the owner of the face I had seen at the window, owned up candidly that their knowledge of the money in my charge had induced them to plan an attack on me by night, believing me to be alone.

Needless to ask what had been their intentions with respect to me. Asked what had deterred them, he answered promptly, the finding that I had a companion. He had looked through the window, he himself, to ascertain that the senor—pointing to me—was asleep, and had seen another man, a stranger, standing with his back to the fire.

It was not the Senor Cameron, whose features and appearance were perfectly well known to the speaker; this had been one whom he did not recognize—a youth, tall and dark. When I heard that, I turned cold and sick. Until then, d'ye see, I had been clinging to the notion that it had been all a dream. I never spent another night in the shanty alone.

Sequel, eh? Well, yes, there is a sequel. After that, I wrote straight off to a chum of mine at Rio Tinto, enjoining him to find out every detail relating to Alvaro Desmayo, and in particular to ascertain his whereabouts on the date I gave him. I knew before I opened his letter what the answer would be, and my surmise proved correct.

As was proved by a careful comparing of time, Alvaro Desmayo had quitted this mortal life at the very moment when his spirit, as I must call it for want of knowing better, appeared to act as a safeguard to me in that lonely shanty on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

What do I think of it? Well, a man prefers to keep that sort of experience, with his opinion on it, to himself, as a rule. But you gave me your views frankly enough on what you told me, so I'll be quite with you here.

Whether the consciousness of his unfulfilled oath weighed on him, and he could not leave earth in peace, or whether, in some fuller knowledge coming to the disembodied spirit, the sense of my peril reached him, and he was permitted to linger before taking flight elsewhere to come to my help when I had sore need of him, He who has the keeping of us here and hereafter alone knows.

That his likeness, his spirit, appeared to me, and by its presence saved me from being murdered in cold blood, I am as sure of as that I am living now. The rest must remain a mystery.

At the Same Time.

BY T. F.

IT was a beautiful evening in the uplands of Florida; a cloudless evening was fast following on the heels of a cloudless day. After the rains of last week the fair weather was doubly welcome, and one forgave it for being so cold. And cold it was. There was a chill in the air that seemed every now and then to catch at one's marrow and jeopardise one's very life.

During the polo match that afternoon many of the old settlers had looked anxiously at the fair-seeming heavens and wondered what this should mean. Any sign would be welcome, anything would be better than this mockingly beautiful sky that hid behind its bright face possibilities of endless ruin.

The match had been between a team made up of settlers, and the rest who were lumped together as "Etceteras." Jack Grenham had captained the former and Tom Thorp the latter, so it was not unnatural perhaps that Jack should find a good deal to talk about with May Thorp when it was over. He told his man to take charge of his pony as he would walk home, and May, finding it chilly, determined to accept Jack's offer to escort her home; her brother promising to follow shortly.

"How beautifully you ride, Jack!" enthusiastically. "Your pony seems to know exactly where to go without any effort on your part. I do so envy you!"

"I don't know why," returned Jack. "I never saw any woman sit her horse as you do. And look at your brother! If all your men had been as good as he we shouldn't have been in it. He was the best man in the field."

"How full we are of compliments," laughed May. "And how splendid it is to be out after all these rains. Tom did nothing but stamp round the house, swear at the men and smoke till he was blue in the face. He was always so pleased when you came in."

"And was nobody else pleased as well?"

"Of course I was too."

"Such a relief to see any one when you have been penned up for two or three days?" queried Jack tentatively.

"That's not what I mean," returned May. "You know I am always glad to see you."

"You don't think you'll get tired of me before the happy event we are meditating comes off?"

"Oh, Jack, if you only knew how I miss you when you are away, and long for your return!"

"Do you know, May," said Jack, suddenly changing the subject, "I think we are going to have the best season we have ever had. The trees are bearing wonderfully and look magnificently healthy. The reward of our years of toil is coming at last. We just managed last year to pay our way, and this time I think we shall manage to clear five dollars a tree. Fancy being absolutely independent of home, May. For the first time in his life, almost, I feel as if I were really a man and an over-grown boy. After wasting those years abroad and being such a drain on my poor old father, you have no idea how splendid it is to feel absolutely free. We must arrange a date early next year, May. Does that suit you?"

"Oh, Jack!"

"You see, I'm quite a wealthy man. I refused an offer of one thousand dollars an acre last week. Think of that!"

Just at that moment Tom Thorp overtook them.

"I'll see May home now, Jack," said he. "You're going very much out of your way—unless you'll come in and have some supper with us. We should both be delighted. No? Well, good-night then. See you some time to-morrow."

* * * * * *

Alas, for all human plans! That night the "freeze" came. The worst fears of the old settlers were more than realised. They had never known a freeze like this before; in fact, there had not been such a one for sixty years.

When they woke in the morning with anxiously beating hearts, it was to see the beautiful trees over which they had spent years of labor, in which were wrapped up all their fortune and their future, absolutely frozen down to earth. Not one tree had escaped. The ten-year-olds clothed with golden fruit and the young trees full of golden promise, all were ruined. It was total destruction. The whole tree was killed down to the ground.

The roots were still alive, and in three or four years might begin with their new shoots to bear again, but that was all. Instead of being worth one thousand or more an acre, the land was worth almost nothing. The worst of it was that there was nothing to be done.

Nature in one night swept away the fruit of years of industry and reduced every settler from comparative wealth to poverty. All they could do was to wait till Nature in its slow relenting chose to build up the tree again.

They mostly decided to go home, some of them with no intention of coming back. They would go into business, do anything rather than struggle through more years of poverty only to court disaster again. Tom Thorp and his sister and Jack Grenham were going home with the rest.

They left some men in charge, intending after a long holiday to go back and begin over again. To say that they were crushed in spirit is but dimly to hint at their sense of utter gloom and despair.

Fortune and prospects gone, no wonder the two lovers looked with terrible foreboding to the future. The marriage which yesterday was so near was to-day thrust far forward behind a barrier of dark years. One cannot live on nothing even in Florida.

In the marsh lands you might catch or shoot every necessary of life save flour and water; the flour you would have to buy and the water to boil. But life there was full of dangers, and neither May nor Jack dreamed of it for a moment. Home and hope were their only remedies.

The three went up to New York and thence across to Liverpool together. During these days May and Jack fell

more in love with each other and more desperately hopeless than ever. Jack, as the younger son of a not over-wealthy baronet, had run through a good deal of money before he settled in Florida and met May.

His father was a stern man, and Jack expected from him at his death nothing more than a very trifling recognition of his existence. That he would be welcome at home he knew; but money, the one thing he needed, the only thing he needed now he had won May, was just the thing he could not get.

May and Tom's father was a rather poor hard-worked vicar in a Northern city. He had spent more money than he could afford on them already, and this new misfortune crushed him almost as much as it did his children. To start them over again would mean serious and anxious privation.

At Liverpool the three parted, Jack to go south to his country home, Tom and May to go a little farther north. May and Jack had come to some arrangement that their engagement should be of a rather indefinite character till they saw their way more clearly. Absolutely wrapped up though they were in each other, they thought it better so.

"I'd rather shoot myself than marry anyone else, May," said Jack, "but I can't honestly ask you to consider yourself tied fast to me and my poverty. If nothing better turns up I'll go back to Florida and start again, though it would be years before I should be well enough off to marry. You must consider yourself free, as free as you care to claim freedom. But you must write, the oftener and the longer the better."

Tom could have sworn that he saw tears in Jack's eyes as he said good-bye and watched their train out of the station.

"Jack's sterling gold," he said to May. "If he doesn't come to good luck, and if you are not happily married before long, I shall never put my trust in Providence again. So there! Now for home. Poor old governor; and poor old mater, too! I know just how she'll look when she sees us, May. She'd be just as happy at seeing us if we were the two most tumble-down disreputables that ever crossed the herring-pond. Not that we're much better to boast of, anyway."

* * * * *

To May and Tom the days passed along merrily enough. The thought that they were at home was enough to dispel that dark cloud that would occasionally hover over them when they thought of the future. Simply to lounge at home to see old friends, to revisit familiar spots, this after four years' exile was perfect delight. Gradually their spirits rose.

Tom made up his mind to return the following October. He heard good reports from his plantation, and in three or four years he hoped to have regained once more the position of safety and affluence he had before the freeze came. His father undertook to pay his passage out and give him a small sum to get through his first year on, to be paid back in his own good time, so that on the whole Tom did not find much to grumble at.

There could not surely be another freeze in his lifetime; if there were, well, it was easy enough to go into the swamps and starve himself till the inevitable fever came and took from him the life he would no longer care to keep. So his chart of life was straightforward enough.

With May it was not so. All her future depended on Jack Grenham, and Jack's depended on how many things! To some extent he was in the same position as Tom, but on the other hand there were many more possibilities. His brother might die, his father might relent, some unexpected uncle or aunt might leave him money, a dozen things might happen in his life that were certain not to happen in Tom's, because the latter lived in a different class of life and came of a poorer stock.

Jack wrote to May loving letters, full of affection and reverence. His father had apparently received him more kindly than he had anticipated; he was getting old and feeble, and was inclined in his increasing weakness to overlook Jack's little crop of wild oats, which was, after all, nothing to what he himself had sown in the fifties.

Jack's elder brother, too, was much more friendly than he had expected, and had hinted that he would not be left so badly off as he had imagined.

"The old governor had been pinching like the very dickens since you went to Florida," he said to Jack; "and now you've got into his good books again I expect you'll have some benefit out of it. Don't you hurry back: he can't last much longer. You'd better wait till it's over. He seems to cling to you more and more every day. You're so like mother, you know."

All this Jack dutifully reported to May, along with accounts of all his doings at home and elsewhere that it seemed to May that every letter of his, instead of tightening the bond between them, gave signs that Jack was slipping away from her.

There was not a word he wrote that intimated so much; but she easily found corroborations of her own doubts and fears. In Florida they had been on the same level, socially and pecuniarily: now they seemed leagues apart.

Jack was above their sphere: he did not live in a poverty-stricken parish on insufficient means among uncultured friends with narrow creeds and uniovely faces. He was leading a gay life amid wealthy and fascinating women, who would be certain to enslave the handsome young settler from Florida—he who had led such a merry youth, been tossed about so picturesquely by the waves of fate, was so full of strength, and had such an aroma of romance about his life.

This was how it appeared to May, and as Jack said nothing about their engagement, and did not seem to have mentioned it to his father or brother, she began to say to herself that it was all a question of time, that Jack would soon give her up entirely, and that then her heart would break, and that would be the end.

Tom went back in October, leaving his sister and Jack behind. He wrote to the latter, promising to keep an eye on his trees till he should choose to come over, and promising also to write occasionally to say how things were prospering.

So May stayed behind and lived only for Jack's letters, which were now getting fewer and shorter. His father was seriously ill; any day might be his last.

Some weeks after Tom had reached Florida—he was in capital spirits again—May saw in the paper a notice of the death of Sir Joshua Grenham, Bart., of Upwick Hall, Surrey. A short note from Jack apprised her of the event, and that told her that he was going abroad with his brother, who was very much upset by his father's death.

Then followed months of silence. May woke up every morning with a beating heart, wondering if the prayed-for letter had come at last. But it never came. She anxiously read all the society papers to glean the slightest news of the whereabouts of the two brothers.

Now they were in Egypt, now in India, now in Australia; but never a line did she get from Jack. She grew paler and thinner with grief and longing; the roundness wore out of her cheeks, and the sparkle died out of her eyes.

"You must go back to Tom," said her mother. "This air does not suit you. You have got used to Florida, and you must go out there again. It's the only thing that will bring the roses back to your face."

The family doctor, who knew that her disease had nothing to do with climate or smoke, gave his consent.

"Perhaps the change will do her good," he said. "But it is her mind, not her body, that is suffering. You can only put off the evil day. Unless fresh hope comes into her life, she will fade away little by little, but none the less surely."

So May was slipped off to New York once more. She bore the crossing bravely; but when Tom met her on the landing-stage he was struck to the heart by the awful change in her appearance.

"My darling May!" he exclaimed, as he clasped her in his arms; but he could find no other words to utter.

A few days later they were back in the wooden house where they had lived and been so happy for those four sweet years. They were sitting on their first evening there gazing at the log fire and thinking of old days and old friends. The rain was falling in torrents outside. It had been raining all day, in fact, and the absolute solitude and far-awayness of their position cast a gloom over all their thoughts and words. Tom threw aside a fortnight-old paper May had brought with her.

"Yes," he said, "I believed in Jack. I never dreamed that he would play you false. Of course, he had been rather merry before he settled down here, but merry rather than wicked. If there ever seemed to be a good fellow, it was he. I never knew him to do a mean thing or say a word that any woman need have been ashamed to hear. A look from him was enough to bring us back when our talk was getting rather over the traces. It was love for you, May, caused that change in his life.

"But it's so different out here and at home. A man's environments count for so much; time and distance are sufficient to cure anything if taken in large quantities. Poor Jack! I expect he fought against it with all his soul; but some things are too strong for human nature.

"We're poor weak folk at bottom, no match for the world and the flesh. There are more freezes than one, and it was just a kind of freeze that gradually killed Jack's love for you.

"He couldn't help it; he simply looked on in despair. Not that it is really killed; the roots are still alive in his soul, and in years to come love for you will come to life again and fill his heart with remorse. I pity him, May, as I sorrow for you. It's a freeze——"

At that moment the door opened, and a tall figure, hidden in waterproofs, dashed unceremoniously into the room.

"Freezes be sent to perdition! Where's May? May, have you forgotten me? Bless me, the darling's fainted! And how ill she looks. What a brute I was not to let you know I was coming!"

May soon recovered, and, afterwards, you would never have known she had been ill at all.

"We've just pulled my brother round. He's been at death's door for months. He's safe now, and is coming to see you in a few days. As for me, I couldn't wait. I've had a touch of fever, just to keep him company.

"Oh, I am all right now! I've been too busy and too ill to write much, love. But we saved his life. And it seems to me we shall have to spend some time in pulling you round a bit. Do you know I'm a wealthy man, May?—at least, wealthy as things go here. I've got twenty-five hundred a year of my very own. Now let's consider whether we shall live here or abroad. I think out here will be best. Why, bless me, the girl's crying and laughing at the same time!"

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—Thomas Morton is the author of the "coute" saying, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Washington Irving gives us "The Mighty Dollar." "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," not infrequently attributed to a Scripture writer, is from Laurence Sterne.

Dean Swift says that "Bread is the staff of life," and "A little learning is a dangerous thing." The same sentiment is expressed in Pope's well-known line, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring." It is not at all unlikely that he derived it from Lord Bacon, who in his "Essay on Atheism," says:

"A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion." Pope tells us to "shoot folly as it flies;" was it suggested by Dryden's "and shoots their treasons as they fly?"—found in his Absolom. Lady Wortley Montague says: "I admired Mr. Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics and did not know that it was all stolen."

This is, of course, not to be taken literally, but it is a well-known, indisputable fact that poets—and not they only—are imitators and borrowers, and to put it mildly, unconscious plagiarists. Of course, Byron was but jesting when he said to Moore, who, observing a book beside him full of paper marks, asked him what is was, replied; 'Only a book from which I am trying to crib' as I do whenever I can, and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." He wrote, however, in his journal, "As for originality, all pretentions to it are ridiculous; there is nothing new under the sun."

"Like angels' visits, few and far between," found in Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, seems to be an echo of this from Blair's Grave: "Its visits, like those of angels, short and far between."

Cowper's oft-quoted line,

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still,"

is almost verbatim with this found in Churchill's Farewell,

"Be England what she will
With all her faults she is my country still."

"Variety is the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis. "Of two evils choose the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

At Home and Abroad.

Persons suffering from delirium tremens usually imagine that they are surrounded by snakes. A possible explanation of this hallucination is offered by the result of some recent experiments. Sixteen alcoholic patients were examined with the ophthalmoscope, and it was found that the minute blood-vessels in the retina of their eyes were congested. In this condition they appear black, and are projected into the field of vision, where their movements resemble the squirming of serpents.

An extraordinary scene happened at Jerusalem not long ago. From sunrise until nine o'clock a swarm of flying ants settled on the holy city, filling the entire air and blotting out the sun. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils. The natives declared that this flight of ants was the precursor of an earthquake, and whether there was any real connection between the two phenomena or not, two slight shocks of earthquake were certainly felt in Jerusalem on the evening of the same day.

No one who is not familiar with the matter can form any idea of the amount of labor performed in Europe by women and dogs. It is estimated that women and dogs, harnessed together, do more hauling of goods in Germany than the railways and all other methods of conveyance put together. Hundreds of small wagons can be seen any day in the year throughout Saxony, on all the roads leading to and from Dresden, each having a dog on the near side harnessed instead of a horse, while instead of the off horse, a woman trudges uncomplainingly along with her left hand grasping the centre pole to give it direction, with the strap round her shoulder or arm through a loop attached to the wagon-axle. Very large loads are thus transported in all sorts of weather on the good roads of the empire.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess one of the finest collections of jewels in the world. They are kept in the Seraglio at Constantinople in one particular room. A striking feature of this treasure house is the many gilded bird cages which, studded with jewels, hang from the frescoed ceiling. And odd as it may seem a jeweled clock has face downward in each cage. The finest and rarest gems in the Sultan's collection are woven into embroidered texts from the Koran on deep red velvet, whilst the necklaces too are particularly fine. The curiosity of the collection is a parasol said to be the most valuable in the world. It is made of white silk embroidered with gold thread and richly besprinkled with precious stones, whilst the stick is made of one long solid piece of coral.

The almanac is the most important of books to the Chinese. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills Western almanacs. It contains astronomical information which is useful; but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of their every-day life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which, and the point of compass toward which it is done, it is of the utmost importance to the Chinese that everyone should have correct information available at all times to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity, and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently the almanac is, perhaps, the most universally circulated book in China.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

LOST FRIENDS.

BY H. M. H.

WE all know that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them," and I have come to the conclusion that it is the same with dogs, for I have never bought a dog, never have intimated to my friends that I would like a dog, yet I always have a canine follower, and they thrust themselves upon me in such ways, that they cling to me "till death doth us part."

First, there was Jack; I know Jack's ancestry was blue blooded, for a more intelligent creature never lived, and I have always been puzzled to know if it was cruel fate that separated him from his friends, or whether a streak of Bohemianism led him to venture forth in the wide world.

Be that as it may, he came in the evening, so I never knew whether he hailed from the East or the West. A bright light probably attracted him to my home, for he was of such aristocratic bearing that had he come in the day time, the more imposing residences of my neighbors would have claimed him, but he never seemed to regret having adopted us.

He came, as I thought, at a very inopportune time, as a new pony at the barn, and a family of cats at the house were pets enough, but in a day or two he was master of the situation, and on the best of terms with all, and when he took a nap in front of the fire the kittens laid between his paws, while the pony and he ran races in the field, slept together at night, and Jack took many a ride on her back.

He was a good judge of character. A man from the country who thought he had a perfect right to use and abuse our hospitality was in the habit of coming often, and staying as long as he could invent some business to keep him.

Jack never could endure him, and felt called upon to maintain a special watch over all of our belongings, while he stayed. If he even picked up a newspaper Jack would sit directly in front of *him and look him steadily in the face* until he had finished reading and laid it down.

One day the "Frequent," as we called him, concluded to take the pony and drive. He was just getting in when he was discovered by Jack. The pony bent her head down to Jack as was her custom, and he seized her by the reins and held her.

This was too much for our visitor's forbearance, and he took the whip to strike Jack, who promptly resented this indignity by leaving the pony and springing in the low wagon, and the "Frequent" was obliged to sit like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief (alias Jack) until a member of the family came to his rescue and drove him to town.

Afterwards this man proved to be a complete rascal, although he had a Rev. before his name, and I have always honored Jack for his good discrimination. Jack seemed to think that it was all right to "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," and never lost his dignity enough to join the battle, but when the actors were boys instead of dogs, he could not stand it, and always rushed in and separated them, and in this way his useful life was ended.

An embryo pugilist did not relish having his enjoyment brought to such an end, and hit Jack on the head with a club.

Next came Bun, little black Bun. A "Mongrel" my cook called him, but his physical appearance was of such a nature that we changed the old song, and sang it:—

"With his tail cut short
And his ears grown long."

In short he was what my neighbor Jones called a perfect fac-simile of a rabbit, and so I named him Bun.

He followed some callers to our house, so his early life was shrouded in obscurity. He was still in the frisky age of puppyhood, and my porches were adorned with corn-cobs, bones, door-mats brought from the neighbors, and rubbish that careful housekeepers consigned to the ash heap Bun seemed to think worth bringing home. My flower beds became museums of rare articles.

He immediately made friends with Andrew, a colored man who took care of an adjoining place, and if he was punished for any of his misdemeanors he took refuge with Andrew, and the length of his stay was determined by the severity of his punishment. He would often follow his master to the bank, but seemed to consider it too far to walk both ways, and would wait until a car came along, get on, go inside, and getting on the seat, would stand with his paws on the window and look out until Academy street was reached, when he would give a short, sharp bark, as if to say "Thank you for the ride," and jump off and come home as if that was the usual way for dogs to do.

A crowd was his delight; he attended the spring and fall races at the Driving Park; followed the street parades, but always went into the most secret retirement on the Fourth of July, and once was found in Andrew's lodgings secreted in a pair of pants that were on the floor.

Small boys he considered nuisances, and the sight of one, no matter how peaceably he might be going along, would cause him a long period of worry and growling.

He knew the butcher's bell that we patronized, and never condescended to go to meet any other wagon. Milkmen, other butchers and hucksters were constantly ringing, but Bun would never leave the yard for any until his quick ear caught the sound of the particular bell he was waiting for.

He died young, distemper claiming him as its victim, and since then dogs may come and dogs may go, but Jack and Bun I consider as lost friends whose place can never be filled.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

BY T. W. E.

THIS particular soldier is the last survivor of a gallant regiment of miniature infantry, every man of whom has seen extremely active service in the wild regions of the constantly unsettled province of our nursery.

The regiment was first ordered out (of a new box) about a year ago, when every little man with his wooden kit upon his wooden back, his yellow wooden sword shouldered, his red wooden jacket and hat and blue wooden trousers in perfect trim, stood upon the nursery hearth in marching disorder under the erratic command of our three-year-old, who still lords it over us all by the name of Baby.

I never saw such inveterate warlike soldiers in my life. Morning, noon, or night, standing or lying in their barracks of a box, or out of it, they were always "ready"—left foot out, shoulders square, eyes front and sword up, yearningly awaiting the word "March."

Baby and I have surprised them at all hours of the day, in barracks and out, and we have never found one of the heroic fellows standing at ease, or lying at ease either; for even when they stretch themselves at full length they do so in full regimentals, sword and all, and with a sort of latent alertness for any possible bugle call to arms that might thrill the barracks at any moment of the night or day.

Alas! this paragon of a regiment lost its General in the first campaign. It was an attack from the high ramparts of a nursery stool. He was on horseback at the head of his force, and was on the very point of leading them in a terrific charge when, as if by some supernatural visitation, the horse tripped, and went toppling down a vast precipice of space to the floor. The General was picked up with his head off—a sight that brought such sudden tears to the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief that he could not see that the horse had lost its hind leg. When, in a pause of his grief, he made that discovery as well, His Imperial Highness abandoned the campaign, and ordered the whole regiment into camp again for the sole purpose of putting the gallant General and his noble steed into hospital to see if the head and leg could not be put on again by means of a wonderful embrocation known as gum.

It was tried, but on the first day out of the hospital the General's head fell off again, and somehow the horse had been so roughly used in the process of relegging it that not only did that limb drop to the ground, but the poor animal cast its tail; and taking the hint that the horse was in a state of irrevocable dissolution, the Commander-in-Chief buried both General and horse with all the military honors that the regiment could display in the darkest corner of the nursery.

The singular result was that the regiment lost its men more by the mirlitonnes of peace than by the glories of war. Our little Commander-in-Chief marched most of the soldiers' legs off in search of someone to fight.

Two poor fellows had become so black by constant service that they were mistaken for cinders and were burnt to death. One faithful fellow, after keeping watch on the nursery all night, was in the morning overtaken by the blizzard of the nursemaid's brush. It was a case of dust to dust, and he was never seen again.

On one march the little drummer lost his drum, and then lost heart—he never played again. He fell out of the ranks and pined alone in the dark corner of the nursery cupboard, where he had been unconsciously hurled out of the folds of a duster of one of the housemaid Furies of the place. Two roaches were his undertakers. They fed upon the paint of his uniform, left him unburied, but as clean as a churn.

Soon after that the little trumpeter disappeared, as if he had deserted to go in search of the drummer, and though the Commander-in-Chief issued a special order for his arrest, upstairs or down, no scout ever laid hands on him.

The fact was, by some means he had climbed on a shelf, then got into the folds of the same duster, and was hurled by the same Fury through the nursery window and trampled to death in the yard below.

But the last survivor of the gallant regiment seems indestructible, immortal. He has soaked in water and has not drowned; he has been in the fire and not wholly burned; he has been trampled upon and yet not crushed; and he has been lost scores of times, but has been found precisely as many. He has a charmed life. No brush seems to be able to wholly sweep him aside, no duster able to hurl him into oblivion, no foot able to entirely crush him. Certainly he is somewhat the worse for wear, his red coat has turned blueish, and his blue trousers reddish; he has lost part of one arm, his nose is scarred, and it is doubtful whether there is or is not an eye under is blotch the shape of the Commander-in-Chief's thumb; but if he is not all there, he is there, shoulders square, sword up, and left foot out in a perpetual state of stationary march.

What is the secret of its charm to Baby? We do not know. It is unfathomable. The attachment goes into the region of the occult mysterious. We do not know where or how; we only know that it is.

The little fellow has a dozen other toys far more alive in a mimic sort of way than this. He has a doll that can squeak and roll its eyes; a lamb that can bleat and shake its tail; a donkey that can nod its head and run rampant upon wheels; besides balls, rattles, whistles and rings, but they are all secondary to the much-used, much-abused soldier.

It is this solitary soldier at the beginning of the day and at the end of it. He even dines with Baby, and stands shouldering arms like a small sentry, near the big drum of the serviette ring, awaiting orders. More, he even goes to bed with him. Baby must have him in his hand like a little image of valiant protection; and it is with the soldier near him that he closes his eyes and falls to sleep, and it is by his side that the little soldier is found warm and sticky in the morning.

In sympathy with his military poverty, I once ventured to mobilise not a new regiment only, but an entire army—all men of iron—in a box for which I paid quite a sum. It was so much thrown away. The little Commander-in-Chief only looked at them to spurn them as if they were the merest riff-raff of enlistments. With one contemptuous sweep he disbanded the entire army and took up the disreputable-looking, crippled single survivor of his former force.

AS IT READ.—"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum of the local editor for "copy," and noted that gentleman's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, pulled, red eye, and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall downstairs?"

"No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Chapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Chapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed.

And the foreman read: "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Chapley's stony, bald physiognomy."

"Crapley has just gone," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief into the waste basket, and fooling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—but send that proof-reader in here. There's fight left in me yet."

The World's Events.

There are 10,000 professional beggars in Paris.

In France there are far more female than male bicyclists.

The Turks always eat their opium, whilst the Chinese smoke it.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

In some parts of China opium is used as a medium of exchange.

Traveling fifty miles an hour, a locomotive gives out 62,800 puffs.

In the French hospitals an apple poultice is applied to inflamed eyes.

The loss of food crops by injurious insects alone is $800,000,000 per annum.

The ant is said to have the biggest brain, according to its size, of any creature.

Chronographs are now being made that are capable of measuring to the 10,000th part of a second.

An insane asylum superintendent reports that eight out of every ten of his inmates write verses.

In olden times bones were collected from the battlefields, ground to powder, and used to fertilise the land.

Most of the men in the islands of south-western Japan lead lives of idleness, and are cheerfully supported by the women.

The shoe factories use 1,000,000 kangaroo skins yearly. Australians have begun to raise and herd kangaroos as they would sheep.

No matter how many orders are received, no beer ever leaves the best German breweries until it has been standing for at least three months.

In London each day 400 children are born; 250 enter school for the first time; 200 begin their apprenticeship; 150 persons enter married life and 200 persons die.

Dog-barbers form an important trade in Paris, and the appearance of the French poodles which are seen about the streets gives evidence of their skill.

A mysterious ringing of electric bells in a Swiss house was traced to a large spider, which had one foot on the bell wire and another on an electric light wire.

In France, where green stuff of all sorts finds a much more general use than with us, a beautiful, and, it is said, very tasty salad is made of pink and white clover-blossoms.

Among recent inventions is an electric attachment to street-door boxes whereby a letter dropped into the box causes a bell to ring in the kitchen, or any desired place in the house.

An Arab test of a good horse is that he must stand erect upon his legs when drinking from a shallow pool. Observation will prove that but few horses reach the standard.

In ancient times churches were without seats. The worshippers had to stand or kneel. Some of the aristocrats brought pieces of cloth with them, to keep their knees from contact with the stone floor.

During the last fifty years Great Britain has been at war more frequently than any other nation. The total number of large and small wars waged during that time amounts to fifty, or nearly one a year.

A novelty in bicycles is shown in the window of a New York dealer. Its entire frame, including the handles, and, in fact, every part, save the saddle, spokes, and tires, is of iron, cast in imitation of the branches of trees with the bark left on.

A Venetian glass manufacturer is now turning out glass bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water.

A stony, waterless region of France has evolved a race of animals that do not drink. The sheep feeding upon the fragrant herbs have altogether lost the habit of drinking and the cows drink very little. The much-esteemed Roquefort cheese is made from the milk of the non-drinking cows.

The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1,626 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3·2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3·6 seconds; therefore, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey round the earth.

The stories of the magnetic mountains which exert an attraction on all vessels coming near them are not without foundation in fact. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of attraction is not so great as to draw nails and bolts out of approaching ships, the magnetism works a good deal of damage, in that it deflects the needle of the compass so that it cannot be depended upon. The effect is perceptible at a distance of nine and a half miles.

PRAYERS.

BY M. B.

I would not pray my life might be
From pain and care and sorrow free;
Nor would I make it my request
That joy should often be my guest;
Nor would my voice to God's blue skies
In pray'rs for wealth and honors rise;
Nor yet, though love ranks both above,
Would my petition be for love.
But I would pray for strength to bear
The ills allotted to my share—
That, if I wrong and sorrow know,
I ne'er may hard and bitter grow;
That, though success I fail to gain,
No scornful words my lips may stain;
If Love my dwelling passes by,
A loving heart still keep may I!

ABOUT TALLIES.

The tally-stick, that primitive method of counting, is still extensively used in some parts, more particularly in Europe. Last November, writes a correspondent, I put up for a night or two in a little village tavern, that was also a bakehouse, in France. It is a little place, far from a railway, and reached only by a lumbering conveyance that carries mails and passengers; but letters and travelers are few and far between.

Our landlord was baker to the village or town, and the wife kept the inn. I had had a wet and cold drive, and so I crept to the side of the fireplace to warm my benumbed fingers and dry my somewhat damp clothing.

While thus engaged I noticed hanging to the mantelshelf two great bundles of sticks. On examining them I found that each rod was about eighteen inches long, and each was split up more than three-quarters of its length; that, moreover, at the handle a name was inscribed, and that the split portion was covered with notches. I confess that I was sorely puzzled over these sticks, and the hostess noticed my puzzlement. I said that I had not been able to make them out. Then she told me that they were tallies, and that all the baker's accounts of the house were so kept.

Every customer was provided with a hazel stick split through the greater part of its length, and with his name written on the handle. The split-off piece of wood was retained by the customer, the principal stick by the baker. When the customer desired a loaf or two he came to the shop with his stick, it was placed in connection with the piece from which it had been originally taken, and then with a knife a notch was cut at the point of contact on one side, so as to mark both pieces of wood. When one side had been thus scored, then the score was carried down the other junction. As soon as the account was paid the tally-stick was thrust into the fire.

Such an account is absolutely reliable, no falsification on either side is possible.

I made my hostess give me a new tally-stick marked arbitrarily, and I brought it home with me. On my return, when showing the stick, to my surprise I learned that a farmer's wife in the place kept her account for butter and milk with a stick on which she cut notches, but in this instance the customer had no check.

That tally-sticks were at one time pretty general may be concluded from the derivation of the word score. In its original signification, a "score" is a "scar," a cut made in a counting stick. So also a "tally" is derived from the French "taille," cut.

The Roman numerals are derived from scores. They were mere notches cut in wood originally. The V for five was a rude representation of the outspread hand, and the X in like manner symbolized all ten fingers; the IV was a comparatively late innovation; originally the IV was represented by four strokes or notches, as in clock-dials.

It is easy to see that the tally-stick was used for numbers before the alphabet was thought of by our Celtic forefathers. Having proved the tally-stick valuable for accounts, they applied it for writing messages on rods and memorials on tombs.

The old Runic staves for calendars were somewhat similar. Strange symbols were introduced to mark the several festivals, but the days were indicated by notches.

Formerly in the English Court of Exchequer all accounts were kept, and in the House of Commons records of elections, much as Robinson Crusoe kept his calendar on the desert island, on notched sticks; the wood employed was elm. In the reign of George III. an inquiry was made into the matter, and the suggestion offered that the accounts might be made for the future on paper and with pens. But it was not till 1826 that the tally-sticks were abolished. In 1834 it was found that there were vast piles of these bundles of old rods, worn out, worm-eaten, and absolutely worthless any longer. They were preserved at Westminster, and the order was given that they should be consumed in the stove in the House of Lords. The stove, overheated by these dry sticks, set fire to the panelling, the panelling set fire to the House of Lords, the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons, and the two houses were reduced to ashes.

The use of notch-sticks or nick-sticks continued in Scotland till the beginning of the present century, especially among the bakers; and they were used even later in America.

We still use the verb "to tally," in the sense of agreement in two statements or accounts, and this leads us back to the old counting sticks when the customer placed his portion of the rod in juxtaposition with that retained by the dealer, and the tallies, the notches on one matched the other. This was an ocular demonstration that the account was correct, which could not be controverted. How hard it is for a rude mind to work out a simple account may be seen from a story told by a traveler of one of his experiences among the Damara of South Africa. Current coin there was represented by cakes of tobacco, and two cakes were the recognized market price of a sheep. He bought two sheep, and put down at once four pieces of tobacco. The Damara eyed the proffered pieces with a puzzled face, and could not understand that two and two make four till he had placed two pieces of tobacco before one wether and the other two pieces in front of the other. Then only was it clear to him that he had received right payment.

It is a curious consideration how much of early custom remains with us in trace, that trace being left in the language. The shepherd still counts by the score though he has long ceased to mark with a notch, and we still speak of accounts tallying though we have long ago discarded the stick.

Grains of Gold.

A mock humility is one of the worst forms of pride.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

With God go over the sea; without Him, not over the threshold.

It takes close acquaintance with many other people to introduce ourselves.

How soon the soul starves, when it begins to look at everything through money.

We are all the time making character, whether we are doing anything else or not.

The best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

Femininities.

Women of every rank go bareheaded in Mexico.

New Hampshire has three women treasurers of savings banks.

Speak with calmness on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

If buttons or buttonholes are to be subjected to severe strain, add an extra layer of cloth when making the garment.

In the time of George III. it was the fashion for all the great Court ladies to take snuff. We read that Queen Charlotte herself was most particular as to the quality of her snuff.

Sixty thousand Italian ladies, led by the flower of the aristocracy of Rome, are petitioning the Chamber against divorce, which they contend is an offence against religion.

Pleasure has many definitions; but, very frequently, it consists of going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there, and calling it "the best time you ever had."

A woman's club is being formed in Paris, whose object shall be social intercourse, afternoon tea, and gossip. Only the wives of members of men's clubs will be admitted into its sacred precincts.

In France it is forbidden under severe penalties for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food, unless such be ordered by written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man.

Miss Passee: "I accepted Dick Bradford last night." Miss Younge: "Yes, I expected it." "Why?" "Because, when I refused him, he said the next time he would propose to someone old enough to know her own mind."

A most objectionable custom, at present highly in vogue in smart society in Paris, is that of painting children's faces. Fashionable mothers paint their youngsters' cheeks and lips with the same hues that they wear themselves.

Cut glass will not look clear unless washed in very hot water, but does not require soap. If it is in any way blurred or tarnished, it must be cleaned with a soft brush dipped in whiting, and then polished with a soft piece of newspaper; this gives it a brilliant, clear appearance; and no dirt remains, as when rubbed with a linen towel.

In former times it was esteemed highly improper for single or unmarried persons to wear rings, "unless they were judges, doctors, or senators." For all but these dignitaries such an unwarranted ornament was considered an evidence of "vanity, levity, and pride," and was looked upon as a great piece of presumption on the part of the wearer.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels:—"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

A new table ornament called the fairy flower has just been introduced. Electric wires run through the flowers like stems, which are attached to the plants, lighting the seemingly real leaves of tulips, roses white and red; and snowdrops and tiger lilies will shortly be produced. For dinner-table decoration the electricity can be secreted in a neat accumulator inside a flower pot, and will be charged from the main supply.

In China a woman is little more than a chattel. When a Chinese girl marries, she becomes, not the mistress of a household, but the servant of her mother-in-law. The men marry young, and it is the exception for a son to be single at the time of his mother's death. It is only when the mother-in-law becomes feeble and finally dies that the wife takes charge of the domestic arrangements, and then only if she be the wife of the eldest son.

Statistics show that the medical profession supplies 40 per cent. of the male morphine users, which is the largest proportion, after which follow the men of leisure, 15 per cent.; merchants, 8 per cent.; while farmers, clergymen, and politicians occupy the lowest positions numerically on the list. Among the females addicted to the habit, the largest number, 43 per cent., are women of means, and these are followed in number by the wives of medical men, who make up 10 per cent. of the list.

Here are some golden words for mothers: Never rub your eyes, nor allow your children to do so, from their cradles. Veils are bad for the sight, especially those spotted or covered with a pattern; so eschew veils when you can, or wear the softest, clearest net when obliged to do so. Pale blues or greens are the most restful wall-papers for the eyes, whereas red is exceedingly fatiguing. If the eyes be weak, bathe them in a basin of soft water, in which a pinch of table salt and a teaspoonful of brandy has been added.

Masculinities.

A man who has no one to tell his troubles to feels about as dismal as a woman who has no one to tell other people's troubles to.

Without the express consent of his wife no married Austrian subject can procure a passport for journeying beyond the frontier.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man should ask.

"Yes, dear, I had to decline him, because I knew he could never make me a happy woman." "Why do you think that?" "He told me he would never live beyond his income even for my sake."

The house of Voltaire, the celebrated infidel, who declared that Christianity would pass out of existence before the end of 100 years, is now used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles.

A philosopher observes that there are two periods of life when a man looks to see if his hair is coming out—at twenty, when he inspects his upper lip; at forty, when he inspects the top of his head.

If a person is choking, break an egg as quickly as possible and give the white—do not beat it—and it will almost certainly dislodge the obstruction, whatever it may be, unless it is lodged in the windpipe.

A French inventor had attached a tiny incandescent lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve.

"Yes, sir, I know one woman who can keep a secret." "Please explain." "My wife and I have been married for ten years now, and she has never yet consented to tell me how it is that she is always in need of money."

Daughter, reading letter: "But, pa dear, in this last word you put a letter too much. Pa, self-made, and not a bit of pride about him! 'Ave I, dear? Never mind; I dessay I've left one out in some other word, so that'll square it."

The Chinese believe there is a season for everything. In accordance with this belief, they think the opening year—the season when the peach petal bursts from the calyx—is the most auspicious season for forming matrimonial alliances.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest kings and princes of Europe all wore wooden shoes—not wooden boots like those worn by some of the Germans, Hollanders, and Frenchmen of to-day, but wooden soles fastened to the feet with leather thongs.

"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are." "Yes; there's Professor Lingwist for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."

"There is one satisfaction a bald-headed man can have," observes a physician, "and that is that there are hundreds of chances in his favor that he will never die of consumption. There seems to be some kind of connection between bald heads and sound lungs. If a man is prematurely bald it shows that there is something abnormal with him but it does not show that there is any trouble with his lungs."

The Only Portraits of Mrs. McKinley

in the Last Ten Years

Were taken for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and are published in the October number, together with a picture of the President at his desk, and some unusual views in and about the White House.

This is only one page of the JOURNAL; there are thirty-five more of like interest and value.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

10 Cents a Copy $1.00 a Year

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Latest Fashion Phases.

The French Capital is for the moment gay with novelties of all sorts and descriptions which are soon bound to make their way to this side of the ocean. The Maison Worth is replete with novelties; it certainly leads the way in the matter of luxury.

The ball cloaks, which are large and full with sleeves to the wrist, some falling over the hand like those of ancient days, have linings as handsome as the exterior, the high upstanding collars nearly always lined with fur, the collar itself of velvet carried up from the shoulder in small seams which adjust themselves to the form of the neck.

One in pink, brocaded with large bold flowers, was trimmed at intervals from neck to hem with cascades of Mechlin, the chiffon collar gauged and lined with fur, the lace trimming continued on the epaulets, imparting a squareness to the shoulders although there was no sleeve. Another in white satin displayed the loveliest velvet carnations brocaded in their natural colors.

The yoke and collar were of sea green velvet lined with sable, the cloak with light green satin; while a black velvet cost had a yoke of multi colored applique embroidery in silks and gold thread extending to the top of the collar with sable inside. It was a very mediæval-looking garment, as so many of them are.

Brick-red seems one of the newest colors in Paris, both for dresses and mantles, and a cape of that shade in cloth, reaching well below the waist, was trimmed with close-set narrow strips of black cloth all over—a favorite treatment. The collar was edged with the popular chinchilla.

Appliques of fur appear on velvet, and of velvet on fur. A black broad-tail cape had such an applique in red velvet about the shoulders, the collar cut in a succession of points that rolled back from the neck.

Long-basqued jackets do not seem to be recognized, but the smartest and trimmest close-fitting are covered entirely with braiding or with applique, moulded to the figure like a habit, all having high collars.

There is not much change in skirts, but many round the hips are fitted as closely as the bodice itself, and this portion is sometimes of a distinct color to the rest of the skirt or covered with applique, the one object being to give length to the figure and slimness. The newest form of trimming, viz., perpendicular bands stitched on the skirt either from the waist or from the hips, effects this purpose. The cloth dresses are almost all covered with braid, either silk or wool, some as wide as half an inch, or with narrow puckered black ribbon which interlaces in the design.

The evening bodices are invariably trimmed square at the neck, mostly with a long falling draped piece of lace or thin material descending almost to the waist in a deep scallop, caught up at one side with plumes, on the other with flowers which fall in one long end almost to the knee. Worth's gowns have many of them trains of a distinct color joined at the side with the selvage showing.

A wonderful one of moire was striped in the front with black satin, at the side with gray, in the back with blue, all alike save in the tint. Many of the fronts were elaborately embroidered in silk and silver, and the brocades employed showed gigantic designs either in flowers or in geometric patterns.

A gray poult de soie, for example, opened to display a front worked round the hem with heavy silver poppies. Some of the stripes formed of flowers on these brocades were so large they occupied half the width, and in these, iris and roses blended.

At another prominent house a tea gown of light yellow velvet brocade on white satin showed the prevailing style in such garments. It appears to have a double Watteau pleat from each shoulder, leaving the centre of the close-fitting back visible. There were loose long fronts which opened over chiffon, and on these was some well-defined muslin embroidery. There were pendent sleeves and full chiffon ones to the wrist beneath. A blue cloth gown had the full bodice and skirt entirely covered with inch-wide black satin ribbon in interlacing lines; while another after the same design was trimmed in a similar way with a loose make of black braid.

Velvet would seem to be greatly in favor. A black Princess velvet gown was embroidered all over with large bouquets in black jet paillettes, and the epaulets were of jet. The bodice fastened on one side with diamond buttons and double lines of paste to stimulate buttonholes. A touch of red velvet at the opening was in true French taste.

Tartans are said to be adopted with avidity by the Parisians, and a beautiful Princess dress in green cloth would make one enamored of it. Here lophophore feathers of a green iridescent shade had been employed for an upstanding collar and charming bands on a dark violet cloth. A white tea gown with long falling stole ends of satin, trimmed with lace and minute embroidery, was a singularly graceful garment. So was a violet velvet evening gown, which opened with a distinct gray front.

In dresses and mantles alike there is a feeling for the Medici fashions. To this period appertain the high collars and the long sleeves over the hand. The mixtures of colorings most in vogue would seem to be blue with dark green, black with green, heliotrope with red; and these assert themselves also in the close-fitting short jackets.

The shop windows in Paris are filled with beautiful belts, which figure alike on dresses and mantles. Some of these are white leather embroidered with jewels and gold thread, but the majority are of flexible metal, through which colored velvet is threaded, and the buckles are exquisitely jeweled and are admirable specimens of the goldsmith's art. Turquoise, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies, as well as many scabious and gold-wrought turquoise, figure in these belts.

The dominant Paris idea in millinery would seem to be large toques of plisse velvet, with upstanding feathers of a great height on one side, flowers or bows appearing beneath the brim of hats and toques, apparently tilting them up a little on one side. But there are many dainty little bonnets made of white satin and covered with gold thread and jewels, trimmed in the front with bows and ends of the satin edged with fur and intermixed with black and white lace.

It is a pretty notion, now generally followed, that the hair should be distinctly dressed when an evening costume is assumed, and that it should be not only especially arranged but that the style adopted should not be that of every day. Women make a big mistake in doing their hair always the same way. Folks become accustomed thereby to their looks and forget how pretty they really are.

There are always several ways of arranging the hair becoming to each woman, and if only a coiffure be becoming it will be accepted as in style. When the gown is finished by something high at the back of the neck, which is the case with many of the new V and square neck bodices, the hair, as a rule, should be mounted high.

Aigrettes and paradise feathers are still worn, though a pair of jaunty loops of ribbon is just as effective. They are in better taste after all that has been said about the poor little birds. A lot of women are going this winter to wear their hair over their ears. If it has grown long enough to admit of a perfect dressing of this sort, the result will be all right, and though there may be some danger of its stamping a woman as a follower of fads, the style is well adapted to many of the simpler blouse and cuirass gowns.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Savories are an old and popular institution in most households where the matter of eating is really made a matter of taste. And this has been the case with most ages and nations. Even the Israelites—eating their passover in haste—needed bitter herbs, mint, lettuce, endive, chicory and nettles to make the rapidly roast lamb palatable.

The Egyptians also rubbed garlic on their cooking vessels to give plain food a relish. The aged Isaac spake of loving savory meat prepared skilfully and carefully by his attentive wife. Amongst the gifts sent to propitiate the lord of the land, Jacob included spices. Vinegar sauce was served to the reapers at harvest-time by the master of the field. Crushed capers were used as a stimulant to appetite even in Solomon's time. Herbs of all sorts were prepared as pottage by the prophets of old.

So we may also claim all savories to be of Eastern origin, especially those about to be described.

We will begin with a suggestion of the vinegar or sharp sauce, eaten by Ruth the Moabitish rose. It renders even cold mutton palatable. Chop up very finely one onion, one tomato (a tinned one will do) and a couple of mushrooms. Rub your saucepan with garlic, warm in it a tablespoonful of salad oil in which the above vegetables have been stirred. When brown, add half a pint of water previously thickened with a little flour. After coming to the boil—and you must stir carefully or the flour will lump—put in vinegar to taste.

This sauce should be of a light brown color, and can be used as a gravy to warm up slices of cold meat.

Recipe No. 2 is called Savory Fingers. One knows how difficult it is sometimes to finish a tin of sardines; yet they soon spoil if left uneaten for long. These fingers will use up fish often left at the bottom of a tin.

Make a mixture of one dessert-spoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. If not moist enough to spread on the fish, add a piece of butter and "mash" well. Case each fish in this mixture, when you have whole ones to deal with. Lay in the oven until hot, and serve piping hot on buttered toast.

If they are only scraps and ends of sardines to be met with, just incorporate all together in a paste and spread thickly on hot buttered toast.

These fingers of savories should be eaten between two joints and sweets at dinner.

Anchovy Toast is a tasty addition to high tea or supper. An invalid also will often fancy it while unable to partake of anything else.

Melt a walnut-sized lump of butter on a hot water plate, break into it a fresh egg and beat to a cream; add enough anchovy sauce to make it ruddy; have ready some rounds of stale bread about one inch thick; dip each crust into the sauce. Pile up lightly in a pyramid, garnishing each circle with a sprig of parsley. Serve very hot.

Another Savory Toast is made with scraps of lean ham. Take half a pound of scrappy bits and chop very finely. Warm up a little milk thickened with the yolk of a well-beaten egg. Stir for ten minutes over a clear fire; then spread the creamy paste on sippets of hot toast. Serve piled up like bricks, sprinkled with yellow crumbs of hard-boiled egg yolk, and decorated with fried parsley.

Savory Bread.—Mix together some chopped parsley, herbs, and a little lemon dust. Cut a few fingers of stale bread about half an inch thick; dip into a beaten egg and roll in the spicery. Fry at once until golden brown. Serve hot, veiled in chopped parsley.

Sometimes a whet is needed by a jaded appetite before dinner or breakfast. A devilled biscuit will answer the purpose. Take any kind of cracker, water or milk, butter on both sides and season well with pepper and salt. Put on a tin in the oven and eat when thoroughly hot.

Anything connected with olives sounds truly Eastern. Historically, it is the most interesting of fruits. From the days of Noah to the present time it has been esteemed both for foliage and food. For over a period of two thousand years olive-yards have been cultivated in every kind of soil in the East. Hebrews, Assyrians, Moslems and Christians have all labored to preserve this oily kernelled fruit in its paternal ground.

It was used by the peculiar people in all religious rites. The Greeks crowned their Olympic victors with its leaves; whilst the beautiful amber-colored wood of the olive tree, with its rich veinings and clouds, were employed by all nations in architecture. It was revered by the Romans, and an olive-branch considered the emblem of peace and unity. Nowadays, in Italy, bread and olives form the chief diet of the laborer. Among ourselves it is little used.

How long a bottle of the hard green balls will remain in an ordinary kitchen without being finished! I will suggest one pretty, easy way of making a savory with them.

Stone twelve olives, by cutting round in a corkscrewy way (much as you peel an apple or turnip, fill the cavities thus left with a cream made of pounded sardines seasoned with cayenne and lemon juice. Have ready twelve fried circles of bread; on each round put an olive; on each olive put a caper. Round each caper olive circle put a lump of colored aspic jelly, and on each lump of jelly put a sprig of parsley.

With Savory Eggs, this list must close for it—and it is different to any others mentioned, in that it may be eaten cold—we must have some eggs boiled hard. When cold, decapitate each white ball and scoop out the yolks, mash the latter with a little anchovy sauce, drop of vinegar, and spoonful of mustard. Fill up the hollow cases with this forcemeat. Stand each egg on end and lay a piece of parsley across each cap. This is a pretty supper dish if the eggs are laid on a nest of watercress or lettuce.

Using up Stale Bread.—There are few things more puzzling to careful housekeepers than the difficulty of entirely preventing waste of bread, for it is impossible in most houses to avoid an occasional accumulation of broken bread, and it is not by any means easy to devise ways of using up odds and ends in a palatable manner.

Of course much can be done to reduce these accumulations; if the cook be careful she will use stale scraps for making crumbs for various puddings, bread sauce, etc., and she will always keep a supply of baked crusts pounded finely for sprinkling ham or frying fish and cutlets. But no matter how careful she may be, there will always be some pieces remaining over which are unsuitable for these.

Children tire of the usual refuge, plain bread puddings, when they have them very frequently, but even these can be made more attractive in the following way. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, and put the yolks only into the pudding. Then, when it is baked, a layer of some kind of preserve may be spread on the top of it, and over this the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. The pudding should be returned to the oven for a few minutes to set whites of the eggs, but they should not be allowed to color.

School-room tea cakes are excellent for using for scraps, and of them our young folks never get weary. Take three-quarters of a pound of scraps of cold toast and bread, both crust and crumb, cut these all up into tiny pieces, discarding any burnt bits in the toast. Put them into a basin and pour over them a pint of boiling milk, cover with a plate and leave them for some hours; beat the mixture to a smooth pulp with a fork, removing any lumps which have not soft ened.

Into another basin put one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-soda, and the same of cream of tartar, mix these thoroughly, rub in a quarter of a pound of butter, and add six ounces of sugar. When these are all well mixed, add by degrees the pulp of bread and milk, beating all the time. Whisk two eggs and add to them enough cold milk (about a quarter of a pint) to make all into a thick batter. Have ready some greased patty pans, fill them three parts full, and bake in a tolerably quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. The above quantity makes about thirty small tea-cakes.

Farm and Garden.

Food for Cows.—Some cows require more food than others. Study each cow, its appetite and what it needs, and then be governed accordingly. If a cow is fleshy, in good health and giving her proper milk, she is all right, but if not, study her and find out what her peculiar case requires.

Carriage Tops.—To preserve rubber carriage or buggy tops, use a varnish made as follows: Powder gum shellac and put to soak in a well stoppered bottle with ten times its weight of strong ammonia. Shake often, and after it has all dissolved add a little lampblack. If the top is somewhat faded out, but none if it is in good condition.

Oleo and Butter.—The best way to distinguish oleo from butter is by heating a piece about the size of a large walnut in a small tin pan over a gas burner. Butter melts quickly, foams much, and will run over the dish. Oleomargarine spatters noisily and does not foam. Even mixtures of oleomargarine and butter will show the same effect.

Ashes for Hogs.—The successful swine breeder does not forget that ashes are an essential in building bone in hogs. Where wood ashes cannot be obtained corn cobs can be burned to a charcoal or else to a fine ash and kept in some clean place to which the hogs have free access at all times. There need then be no special work in feeding it to them at any stated time.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BY J. P.

Why sit in the corner, oh, desolate mourner
Your face turned away from the light?
Why grieve in such fashion, absorbed in a passion
Of weeping from morning till night?
In solitude brooding, the daylight excluding,
Not thus will contentment begin;
But though the heart flutters, rise, open the shutters,
And let the bright sunshine in!

In rooms that are dusty, ill-smelling and musty,
The heart may remain to its hurt;
Of self alone thinking, and visibly shrinking,
Till thoroughly cold and inert.
The spiders so daring, your solitude sharing,
Around you their winding-sheets spin,
But off they will scurry, if you will but hurry,
And let the bright sunshine in.

To overcome sadness, go forth with the gladness
That has its rich sources above,
To burdened souls bearing some comfort and sharing
With them the sweet message of love.
For thus and thus only, when wretched and lonely,
May we a blest victory win;
Our own hearts reviving because of our striving
To let the bright sunshine in.

How He was Caught.

BY A. M. B.

IVAN ALEXANDROWICH had promised to take his three children to the theatre that evening, and the delightful prospect had kept them in good spirits during a particularly dull autumn day.

"I wish you were coming with us, mother," cried Andre, the eldest boy, as they were going out of the door, and he glanced towards his mother, as she sat bending over some needlework in the lamp light.

"You don't know how I revel in the prospect of a quiet evening," she replied, smiling. "Sascha has gone to her friends; so I shall have the house to myself for once."

"Good-bye, mother," cried all the young voices in a chorus. Then the door closed behind them, and they were gone.

A pair of cunning eyes watched them turn the corner—the same pair that had watched Sascha start off half an hour before.

Anna Nikolaievna went on with her sewing; she was mending some clothes of her husband's, which had seen their best days in Moscow, and her thoughts travelled back to old times.

"If Ivan had only chosen some other profession instead of engineering, we might have stayed in Moscow," she was thinking, "and the children would have had many advantages that we have to do without in Siberia. Now my darling Andre will soon have to go to St. Petersburg, and be separated from me by thousands of weary miles. But for the money Ivan makes here, our fate would differ little from that of the exiles. We are as much banished as they."

At this point in her reverie a peculiar sound coming from the other side of the room made her look up quickly.

Her face grew white as a sheet, and she gave a sudden cry of fright, for her eyes rested on the figure of a man! He wore the dress of an artisan, and his hair was closely cropped on the left side of his head, while it was long and shaggy on the right—details which signalized him at once as a criminal of the deepest dye, who had served his time in jail and was not simply an exile.

He had his back to Anna, but, hearing her cry, turned quickly round, and confronting her, pointed a pistol at her forehead.

"Show me where your husband keeps his money, or you are a dead woman," he hissed.

Anna Nikolaievna was a brave woman; she never lost her presence of mind for a moment, but, rising at once, took the lamp in her trembling hand and went into her bedroom, followed by the robber.

She placed the lamp on a low table in the middle of the room, and, handing him a bunch of keys, pointed to a chest of drawers standing against the wall.

The robber darted forward, and was in the act of pulling open one of the drawers when, quick as thought, Anna blew out the light and flew with the speed that comes of terror out of the door and down the stairs into the street below.

* * * * *

When Ivan Alexandrowich came home from the theatre, he found his wife sitting on the sofa, pale as death, and surrounded by a crowd of sympathising neighbors, who were eager to give him an account of what had happened.

The robber had made a dash to catch Anna as she was escaping from the bedroom, but in the dark his hand clutched the hot chimney of the lamp, and he gave a yell of rage and pain as he let it go and sprang down the stairs. That little incident saved Anna; he was too late to stop her from giving the alarm, and seeing he had lost his chance he vanished into the darkness.

Ivan Alexandrowich's heart was filled with thankfulness when he realised the danger from which his wife—and his money had escaped. He embraced Anna, and then made his way, late as it was, to the police station.

At the time when the events I am relating took place there were eighty-nine exiled criminals living in Omsk. They had all served their time in the hard-labor prison, and on being released had been allowed to live at large in Omsk, but were still under the supervision of the police authorities. The house of each was inspected every evening, in order that he might be reported as "at home and out of mischief."

The story Ivan brought had already reached the police, and they had lost no time to find out who, of the eighty-nine exiles, was missing from his house.

While Ivan was waiting, the report came that all the eighty-nine were safe at home! The head of the police put on his hat and came back with Ivan, to hear the whole tale from Anna's lips. When she had told him her story, he made a few notes in his pocket-book, and rose to go.

"I shall require your help to-morrow morning, madame," he said to Anna. Then turning to Ivan, he said, "May I rely on your bringing Anna Nikolaievna to me at eleven o'clock to-morrow?" Ivan bowed his assent, and the head of the police withdrew.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, Ivan and Anna repaired to the police station, where they found a great crowd collected.

Ivan piloted his wife through the people, and there, in the centre of the crowd, they found the eighty-nine exiled criminals drawn up in line, in front of which the head of the police was impatiently waiking.

When he caught sight of Ivan and Anna he came towards them and explained that he had arranged the men in that way so that Anna might pass slowly from one to the other to see if she could recognize the robber of the night before.

There is only one newspaper published in Omsk, and, as that contained no account of what had taken place on the previous evening, the crowd of people collected round the men did not know what to make of the scene before them.

Anna now began her tour of inspection, accompanied by Ivan and the head of the police. Suddenly she made a halt before the forty-first man, and, looking fixedly at his sullen face, said, without the least hesitatin, "This is the man."

Then, as the exile glared at her savagely, poor Anna fell fainting into her husband's arms. The man was made to put on once more the criminal's garb of thick gray felt, and his legs were chained in the usual manner.

When he knew that his fate was sealed, he confessed that on seeing his design frustrated he had fled to his house, and, having retired to his bed, pretended to be asleep when the police inspectors called to report him.

He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and on his release, he to be taken to one of the farthest exile stations, a long way from the flourishing town of Omsk, and indeed, from any kind of civilization whatever.

LAYING THE GHOST.

It is rarely that so exceedingly satisfactory an exposure of the mystery of ghost stories and haunted houses is undertaken and published by a sensible observer as that which recently appeared in the London "Times," over the signature of Mr. Frederick Wicks, of Esher.

This gentleman has had the moral courage and, what possibly is still more rare, the common sense to investigate most carefully the occurrences in a house that had the reputation of being haunted.

In this instance there was no suspicion of practical joking on the part of the inmates. The noises heard by several servants were real. They were heard not only by the servants, but by his own son, a member of a learned profession.

They pervaded the whole room at night; they defied definition; they were wild, mysterious, ghostly; there was heard the hurried passage, the muffled wail, and then the sounds ceased, and total silence added to the strangeness of the visitation.

The circumstances are as follows: The house in which Mr. Wicks is now living came into his possession three years ago. It had been empty and for sale ten years. It was a long, rambling, old-fashioned residence, having upwards of fifty doors in it, was closely girt with trees, and was the picture of desolation, dampness and ruin.

The garden was a perfect jungle; a high wall closed it in from the road, which was unlighted at night time, when the silence was profound. The house, unknown to the occupier, had the reputation of being haunted; a white-haired lady announced her presence by sounds of wailing, scratching, knocking, and she had been seen to go out of a window backwards.

The very shrubs were indicated behind which she disappeared. The cook, whose room was haunted, had her bed clothes suddenly removed from her by ghostly means. When it was suggested that her imagination might have supplied what she alleged to be facts, she said she "knew ghost sounds when she heard them, and she had heard them before."

The health of the servants became affected, they gave notice to leave, and congregated in one room at night burning a light. The departure of some of the servants and the discomfiture of those that remained necessitated the investigation of these supernatural phenomena. The servants were accommodated in other parts of the house.

Mr. Wicks' son undertook to sleep in the haunted room for a month, the remainder of the floor being unoccupied. About one o'clock in the morning he was awakened by strange sounds so definite that there was no possibility of doubting their existence, or that they had caused the alarm manifested by the women servants.

The noises seemed to come from no particular quarter; they were of the ghostly order—a heavy blow, a hurried passage, a muffled wail completed the fearful story, as a careful survey of the entire floor, walls and ceiling disclosed nothing.

The facts which have been ascertained were that on a perfectly calm night sounds were produced in a particular room without any apparent cause, and that they were only heard by the occupants of that room; persons sleeping in other parts of the house heard nothing of the noises that awakened the sleepers.

But Messrs. Wicks proceeded to investigate the matter intelligently. They knew that it was impossible to localize a sound, a fact which is acted upon by every ventriloquist.

The sounds could not have come from the room below, because there the two female servants were enjoying their first night's rest for many weeks. Nor could they have come from either of the four walls of the room, the boundaries of which were well accounted for.

The only region unexplored was that above the ceiling, access to which could only be obtained by a long journey over ancient rafters, which could only be reached by making an opening through the ceiling of the stair landing outside the door of the room.

When the investigator explored this region he discovered four bats' nests, access to which was gained by an opening under the eaves of the tiled roof. The bats were removed and the hole closed, since then there have been no more ghostly sounds, and Mr. Wicks' residence is no longer a haunted house.

It is obvious that the noises were produced by the scrambling of the bats across the rafters. The flutter and rush as of garments rustling in a corridor, the scratching on the sides of the rafters in climbing over them, the noises that the young would produce were sounds that would excite the imagination of the superstitious to any required extent.

The pulling off of the bed clothes of the cook was due to the terrified imagination of the sufferer, but the apparition of the white-haired woman had still to be accounted for. This was readily done, for in the dormer window through which she was said to have disappeared was a looking glass.

A person lying on the bed would see the waving of the trees reflected in the glass, in the form of lights and shadows passing to and fro. If suddenly awakened by unaccountable sounds, the terrified sleeper would look towards the window and see dim shades passing across the glass, which were readily converted into the passage of a white-haired woman. This simple story carries its own moral.

A DOCTOR'S WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.—The wife of a well-known physician tells an amusing story of one of her early experiences soon after her marriage.

"When I was a girl," she said, "I had the greatest dislike of the medical profession, and always said that I would never in any circumstances marry a doctor; and, of course, it was my fate to fall in love with a medical student who was simply absorbed in his profession.

"After a rather long engagement, during which time Dr. S. had graduated, and established a fairly good practice, we were married, and I moved to my new home, where there was quite a flourishing medical college, the head of which was an intimate friend of my husband. My dislike of the profession in general still continued, and, whenever the two men were shut up in the library together, I always imagined that they were discussing 'horrors,' as I flippantly called the scientific researches.

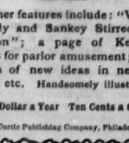
"One afternoon, When Dr. S. was off on his rounds, a small boy presented himself with a curious-looking oblong package, with my husband's name on the wrapper. "Dr. S. sent this," said the imp, "and I was to say it oughter be put on ice immediate."

"Good Gracious," I thought, "what is that dreadful Dr. S sending to my husband which ought to be put on ice at once?"—and, as I took the package, I felt a thrill of instinctive terror run through my frame, for it was not firm and comfortable like an ordinary bundle, but felt flabby and yielding. Like a human arm! I suddenly thought; and, with a cry of fright, I dropped the thing on the hall floor.

My first impulse was to call one of the maids; but, rallying myself and feeling ashamed of my silly imagination, I approached the long, hateful-looking package, which nevertheless possessed a sort of horrible fascination for me.

With shrinking fingers I picked it up by the cord which was around it and carried it over to the table; and then growing bolder, "How absolutely silly I am," I said to myself—"as if Jack would have legs and arms sent to him in this casual fashion?" Taking out a hairpin—that universal woman's implement—I scratched a little hole in one end of the bundle.

Horror of horrors, it was flesh! I gave a loud screech, which brought the two maids and my husband, who had just driven up, all on the scene; and then I distinguished myself by going off into my first and only attack of hysterics. After much difficulty Dr. S. ascertained the cause of my fright; then he opened the suspicious-looking bundle and held up before my mortified vision an uncommonly fine fish. The hole I had made in the paper just happened to expose the smooth flesh-like portion between the gills and the eyes.



$10 a Week for a Family of Eight

A helpful article by Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Other features include: "When Moody and Sankey Stirred the Nation"; a page of Kellar's tricks for parlor amusement; four pages of new ideas in needlework, etc. Handsomely illustrated.

One Dollar a Year Ten Cents a Copy

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Humorous.

EVOLUTION.

At eight they called him "Willie";
At twelve they called him "Will";
At sixteen he was "Billy";
At twenty just plain "Bill."

His mother "Willied" him always,
Her strong love to evince;
His father willed him nothing,
And he's been billed ever since.

Hard to catch up with—Running expenses.

Cannot forge a bolt, but can "cast" a shoe—A horse.

When is it a good thing to lose your temper?—When it's a bad one.

When is a sermon like a fir-tree?—When you get a deal bored from its length.

Why did the poet ask the woodman to "spare that tree"?—Because he thought he was a good feller.

When deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding-party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

A young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it.

Wife: "I wonder how you can look me in the face!"

Husband: "Oh, a man can get used to anything!"

"What labor union has the largest membership?" asked the seeker after information.

"Marriage," was the prompt answer of the man who was well up in statistics.

Mrs. Smith: "Yes, of course, my husband has plenty of money now, but he was pretty hard up when he married me."

Mrs. Brown: "He must have been."

She "Once you vowed that I was the sunshine of your life. Now you stay out night after night."

He: "Er—why, I don't expect sunshine after dark!"

When a real New York boy wishes to say that a man is extravagant in the expenditure of money, he expresses himself in this way—"He has money to burn, and carries matches!"

Little Jim, four and a half years old, pointing out a cow to a playmate: "See the bell round the neck—do you know what's that for? That's what she rings when she wants to tell the calf that dinner is ready."

"They are making a great fuss in the papers about horseless carriages," said one papa to another who met while wheeling their babies. "Just as if they were something new!" chuckled the other, as the two men separated.

Nurse-girl: "I lost sight of the child, mum, and——"

Mistress: "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?"

Nurse-girl: "I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."

We met a young married man and asked him how he was pleased with his change in life. He took a long breath and turned his eyes up as if trying to think of some expressive word, and then said: "Oh, sir, I wouldn't take a million for myself."

Tommy's mother: "Won't you have another biscuit?"

Favored guest: "Thank you! I really don't know how many I've had already."

Tommy, enviously: "I do! You've had six."

"After all, old age isn't the worst thing on record."

"Why isn't it?"

"After a man passes a certain period in life his children get discouraged and quit picking him up on grammar."

"My dear," asked a wife, looking up at her husband, "what does this paper mean by referring to the superfluous woman? What is a superfluous woman?"

"In our engagement days," answered the husband, "the superfluous woman was your youngest sister."

First pretty dear: "What is the matter, dear? You look quite upset."

Second pretty dear: "Enough to make me. I never knew anything so provoking in all my life. I could stamp, I could. Here's a note signed 'Charlie,' asking me if I will go for a drive on his coach this afternoon, and I don't know which Charlie it is."

A man having fallen into a slough, his friend called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?"—"Up to his ankles," was the answer.

"Then there is plenty of time," said the other.

"No, there's not," rejoined the first, "for he's in head first."

Counsel, examining witness: "You say that you distinctly saw the shots fired?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired I was ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet! Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"I didn't measure."

"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, it approximated to half a mile."

LIVING ON SOCIETY.

"I SUPPOSE there are parasites in every class; but I am fully convinced that the very worst of them exist among the 'upper ten thousand.'"

The remark was made by a gentleman to whom every phase of life in aristocratic circles, abroad and at home, is perfectly familiar.

"You will find hangers-on and deadmen's-shoes hunters in nearly all the best drawing-rooms," he continued; "but you would in all probability vote them the most delightful persons possible. Of course, it is their business to be charming, to talk well, to know how to turn a compliment neatly, or to make a smart epigram; and they are all masters in the art of forcing themselves where they are scarcely wanted, without showing they are conscious of the fact.

"I could put my tongue to the names of a dozen—nay, a score—of men and women who to-day live entirely on the sharpness of their wits and their acquaintances, upon whom they exercise their wits.

"They dress well, live well, pay well, visit well, never want for anything, go everywhere worth going to, and yet if you were to ask them what was their standing and what their actual income, they would answer—if they were truthful—nothing.

"I am frequently running up against one of these male parasites at friends' houses. This particular individual is one of the nicest fellows in the world to talk to; he is well-read, intelligent, has travelled a great deal—at the expense of others—and has every appearance of being a gentleman.

"But as it happens, I am one of the three men in town who know him to the core, and I can assure you that, while he lives at the rate of five thousand a year or more, and goes into the very best society, he has not a dollar in the world, and could not tell you for certain whether he would get a dinner on the morrow or not.

"How does he live then? Entirely on the generosity of his friends. How he got into society I cannot say; but he did by some means, and he can claim acquaintanceship with the best people. Upon these he preys; from these he tactfully gets his food, his money, and during the out-of-town season, his board and lodging. And all that is the outcome of getting into a smart club and making himself agreeable.

"He rents two rooms in a cheap neighborhood and pays for them as best he can. None but a very few persons are aware where he lives, as he has all his letters sent to his club, as many other and better men do. He is a very popular man at the club, of which I am myself a member, and whatever hour he may go into the coffee-room he is pretty sure to find someone who is ready and willing to provide lunch or dinner, as the case may be.

"In this way he procures all his meals, except those to which he has previously been invited; and as he is a most delightful companion, full of life and wit, his most intimate friends' houses, boxes at the opera and the theatre, are always open to him.

During the out-of-town season, he has always a long round of good houses to stay at, and as he flirts beautifully, he is as welcome with ladies as with men.

"To do all this running about, it is, of course, absolutely necessary that he should have money, and this he procures from a friend who is what I might call his 'big game.'

"This gentleman is one of the best-known men about town, single, and generous to a fault, and has, moreover, the power to be generous. From him the parasite gets all the money he requires in the form of loans, which are never repaid, and while not being extravagant he lives in capital style without possessing one dollar he can really call his own. And what is more, he stands a very fine chance of dropping into the fortune of his 'big game,' so far as it is possible.

"No, I cannot say I know many cases quite so bad as that, but there are scores of men, and women too, who get more than half their living from their friends. One is a lady by birth, education, and position, but her spirit is so low that she trades all the year round upon the good nature of her friends.

"She is a charming woman, I acknowledge, and where she goes you will always find plenty of good men. Hence, when men are hard to catch she is ever a welcome guest. Her own home is 'wrapped in mystery,' but certainly she makes her many friends' houses her home for quite nine months out of the year.

"This season she is the boon companion of the daughters of a certain wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance. She has so ingratiated herself to them that they cannot move hand or foot without her. Wherever they go she goes; whatever they do she does; and, somehow or other, by a silent agreement, their father—a widower—pays all her expenses—with great tact and delicacy, of course.

I have a very strong notion that she has set her cap at the father, and I expect he will become so impressed by his daughters' love for her, and the way she returns it, that the affair will terminate just as she desires.

Yet, to know her as I do, you would think she would not accept a single invitation she could not return—she is so proud, so dignified. Her wit must be worth five thousand a year to her.

"Occasionally, of course, these parasites are not gifted with the requisite amount of tact, and the result is they blunder and are completely lost. A fellow who for two years had been following his despicable trade with great success, thanks to the generosity of an elderly and childless widow a kind fate put in his way, conceived the idea that he was not getting his full share of the pleasure of life.

"So he started plunging, confident that if he got heavily into debt the widow's fortune, which was as good as promised him, would more than settle matters. As his debts increased, he increased his attentions to the widow to make sure of the fortune, and as they increased very rapidly and considerably, he was very soon verging on love-making to his good-natured patron.

"At last, however, she fell ill, and, as she was of a very ripe age, this foolish fellow imagined he was safe for the fortune. Consequently, he got further and further into debt, spending what time he could spare from spending money at the bedside of the widow.

"Whether he grossly overplayed his part or not, I don't know—I fancy he did—but when the old lady died and the will was read, he found himself stranded, with bills of over twenty thousand dollars, and left with a paltry five hundred dollars by the deceased widow, with instructions to take a course of lessons in the histrionic art therewith and forthwith. The irony of the thing was that, as the legacy was made conditionally, he had to take the lessons or refuse the legacy."

"Many young fellows possessed of more brains than money and better names than conceptions of honor, enter smart clubs with no other object than meeting with someone who will be 'big game' for them. You can generally identify them. They are most attentive to elderly and wealthy bachelors or childless widowers.

"You can never judge their characters or tastes until you have shown them your own; they are indefinite until then, when you learn that their tastes and views upon your pet subjects are quite similar. They never propose doing anything, but when you mention your intention of having lunch or dinner, or anything of the kind, you may be sure the same idea has just occurred to them. In short, so great is their sympathy with you that their thoughts, views, intentions, and characters are in perfect harmony with yours.

"You will find men of this description in almost every club and drawing-room, and I could give you the names of a dozen—and good names, too—men who have no visible aim in life except to get all they can at the expense of others. But you should see two of these fellows together trying to play their game off on each other!

"That is a very pretty sight, indeed, I assure you, and the amount of tact and skill at attack and defence exhibited is extraordinary. It is like watching a clever fencing match."

HOW BICYCLE TUBING IS MADE.—Some drawn steel tubes have been made for years, for boilers and general use, but the great demand arose when the safety type of bicycle came into vogue, the diamond frame requiring the use of a greater length of tubing and necessitating that this should be as light as possible.

There are variations in the methods for producing a cold-drawn steel tube, but the principle of all is practically the same. Only a very high class of steel is suitable for the purpose.

The steel is taken in the form of a billet two feet long and about six inches in diameter. A hole is bored through the centre and it is heated, annealed and rolled into the form of a tube about one and three-quarter inches in diameter. This is then drawn through a die and over a mandrel by means of a draw-bench until about 800 feet long, beautifully smooth and bright both within and without. This is not drawn at once, but in a number of operations and between each of them the metal has to be repickled and reannealed to prevent the crystallization to which the drawing process tends to give rise.

The first drawings of th etube leave it about three-eighths of an inch thick, but this gradually decreases until a tube is produced which is of the thickness of stout writing paper. This is the class of tube employed in bicycles, and that imparts a strength and rigidity out of all proportion to its lightness.

TOBACCO AN ESSENTIAL.—In a general order issued recently, the President virtually recognizes tobacco as an article essential to the well being and sustenance of the soldier in times of great exertion, as well as in times of peace and routine. The order, which emanates from the war department, reads as follows:—

"Under the authority vested in him by section 1146, revised statutes, the President hereby establishes an emergency ration for troops operating for short periods under circumstances which require them to depend upon supplies carried upon their persons. Its component parts are as follows: Bacon, 10 ounces; hard bread, 16 ounces; pea meal, 4 ounces, or an equivalent in approved material for making soup; coffee, roasted and ground, 2 ounces, or tea, half an ounce; saccharin, 4 grains; salt, .64 ounces; pepper, .4 ounces; tobacco, half an ounce."

The secretary of war directs that this emergency ration be resorted to only on occasions arising in active operations when the use of the regularly established ration may be impracticable; that, although its nutritive qualities permit its use on half allowance, it will not be so used except in cases of overruling necessity and never for a longer period than ten days, and that not more than five days' emergency rations be carried on the person at one time.

By order of the secretary of war, the sustinence department will provide touch paraffin paper for wrapping the bacon; will furnish hard bread in grease-proof packages, the pea meal in cylindrical packages, and the coffee, tea, saccharin, salt, pepper and tobacco in suitable packages.

WHAT IS LOVE?—In answer to the question: "What is love?" ten different persons testify as follows:

The most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses.

A mere delusion that has ruined many men.

An egotism of two.

A feeling of such exquisite tenderness that it is too sweet for comparison.

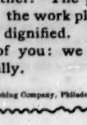
I don't know anything about it; dont; think it amounts to much.

The sweetest and most passionate excitement known to man—binding together by strong cords, sex, kindred and nations.

Don't know anything about it; I never was there.

It is something that no fellow can find out—yet all feel its power, more or less.

A sweet and delusive imagination only.



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